

ABRIDGED • FOR • SCHOOLS •

KENILWORTH



SIR WALTER
SCOTT



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KENILWORTH

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

A CERTAIN degree of success, real or supposed, in the delineation of Queen Mary, naturally induced the author to attempt something similar respecting "her sister and her foe," the celebrated Elizabeth. He will not, however, pretend to have approached the task with the same feelings; for the candid Robertson himself confesses having felt the prejudices with which a Scotchman is tempted to regard the subject, and what so liberal a historian avows, a poor romance-writer dares not disown. But he hopes the influence of a prejudice, almost as natural to him as his native air, will not be found to have greatly affected the sketch he has attempted of England's Elizabeth. I have endeavoured to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

It is possible that slander, which very seldom favours the memories of persons in exalted stations, may have blackened the character of Leicester with darker shades than really belonged to it. But the almost general voice of the times attached the most foul suspicions to the death of the unfortunate Countess, more especially as it took place so very opportunely for the indulgence of her lover's ambition. If we can trust Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, there was but too much ground for the traditions which charge Leicester with the murder of his wife.

In the following extract of the passage, the reader will find the authority I had for the story of the romance:—

"At the west end of the church are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging (as a cell, or place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. At the Dissolution, the said manor, or lordship, was conveyed to one—Owen (I believe), the possessor of Godstow then.

"In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, viz. a patonce between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, viz. a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house, a chamber called Dudley's chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered; of which this is the story following:

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps, with fair flattering intreaties, desires his wife to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Foster's house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and professor of physick in that university; whom, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling, that her death was not far off), began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, etc., and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still

suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford; meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physick, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request; misdoubting (as he afterwards reported), lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a colour of their sin, and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus. For Sir Richard Varney above-said (the chief projector in this design), who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Foster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say, whether first stuffing her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head), yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, for one of the persons that was a conjurator in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since), not

long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Foster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and with much melancholy and pensiveness (*some say with madness*), pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butter, kinsman to the Earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten, that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest (which the Earl himself condemned as not done advisedly), which her father, or Sir John Robertactt (as I suppose), hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further enquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the Earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good Earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bare to her while alive, and what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing, by these and other means, was leaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford, *her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity.* It is remarkable, when Dr. Balington, the Earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain. This Earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others (*some say by his wife at Cornbury Lodge before mentioned*), though Baker in his Chronicle would have it at Killingworth, anno 1589.¹

¹ Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, vol. i., p. 112. The tradition as to Leicester's death was thus communicated by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness, which she, after his returne from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died"—Ben Jonson's *Information to Drummond of Hawthornden*, MS.—See ROBERT FISKE'S COPY

The same accusation has been adopted and circulated by the author of *Leicester's Commonwealth*, a satire written directly against the Earl of Leicester, which loaded him with the most horrid crimes, and, among the rest, with the murder of his first wife. It was alluded to in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, a play erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare, where a baker, who determines to destroy all his family, throws his wife down stairs, with this allusion to the supposed murder of Leicester's lady,—

The only way to charm a woman's tongue
Is, break her neck—a politician did it.

The reader will find I have borrowed several incidents as well as names from Ashmole, and the more early authorities; but my first acquaintance with the history was through the more pleasing medium of verse. There is a period in youth when the mere power of numbers has a more strong effect on ear and imagination, than in more advanced life. At this season of immature taste, the author was greatly delighted with the poems of Mickle and Langhorne, poets who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of their art, were eminent for their powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry. One of those pieces of Mickle, which the author was particularly pleased with, is a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall, which, with others by the same author, were to be found in Evan's *Ancient Ballads* (volume iv., page 130), to which work Mickle made liberal contributions. The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent; some others are sufficiently prosaic.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,

From an unhappy lady's eye,
That turned from that lovely grin

"'Forsooth,' she cried, 'as this thy knee
That thou art oft has sworn to me,
To have me in this kindly grove,
Inured to shameful privacy !

"No more thou comest with love's smile,
Thy name but cruel bruis to me,
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not as the image I received
When happy in my father's hall,
No faithless husband thou me grievest,
No chilling tears dost me appal.

"I rise up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
No merrily sung the breeding day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among worst ladies all despised,
Why dost thou cruel it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say !
And proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
But be that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm ?

" At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

" Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

" But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or 'twas not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine.)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

" Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?

" The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have won.

" The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy--than sigh for woe—
To be content--than to be great.

" How far less blest am I than them ?
Daily to pine and waste with care !

Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear ;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flap'd its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen !

And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

ANNOTSFORD,
1st March, 1831.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

KENILWORTH, occupying a commanding position in a fertile region in the centre of England, appears to have been an important place even before the Norman Conquest. The castle first takes a distinct place in history in the reign of Henry I., who conferred the manor on the Lord Chamberlain, Geoffrey de Clinton. This Geoffrey de Clinton and his sons built the old keep known as Caesar's Tower, and founded an Augustinian priory and church to the east of the castle. All through its history the castle was closely connected with royalty either as a possession of successive kings or as a favourite resting place in their progress through the Kingdom. King John took possession of the castle and visited it five times. His son, Henry III., also paid several visits to the castle, of which he made his brother-in-law, Simon de Montfort, governor, in 1244. Consequently Kenilworth played an important part in the Barons' War, as the principal stronghold of the rebellious nobles. After the defeat and death of Simon de Montfort at Evesham in 1265 the castle was resolutely defended for six months by Henry de Hastings. On the conclusion of the Barons' War the King gave Kenilworth to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, younger brother of Edward I. His son Thomas rebelled against Edward II. and took an active part in the execution of Gaveston, for which he was beheaded at Pontefract in 1322. His death was avenged by his brother Henry, who, conspiring with other barons, led Edward II. as a captive to Kenilworth. There the King consented to abdicate in accordance with the wishes of Parliament, as is recorded in Marlowe's drama *Edward II.* Through John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who built the Great Hall, the castle passed once more into royal hands, when his son ascended the throne as

Henry IV., and it remained a possession of the crown down to the reign of Elizabeth. That queen gave the castle in 1563 to her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, with whose name it is more indissolubly associated than with his predecessors, on account of the famous revels held there in 1575 and the popularity of Scott's novel. The Earl of Leicester is said to have spent on the castle £60,000, which would be equivalent to about £300,000 in the beginning of the twentieth century. His chief addition to the buildings was the Gate House erected in 1570, to be the chief entrance to the castle grounds. In the reign of James I. and Charles I. Kenilworth once more became a royal possession. Charles I. spent two days there on his way to the battle of Edge Hill. Towards the end of the Civil War Kenilworth was occupied by the rebel forces and by them the castle was dismantled which accounts for its state at the present day.

Thus, when Scott, after he had with brilliant success in *Abbot* portrayed Mary Queen of Scots, resolved to try his hand at the delineation of her great adversary, he could not but find a nobler background for his descriptions of Elizabeth's magnificence than Kenilworth Castle. He knew the place well. On his return from his visit to the continent in 1815 Lockhart tells us that he went with Charles Matthews to Warwick and Kenilworth, "both of which castles the poet had seen before but now re-examined with particular curiosity." Scott probably inspected the ruins also in 1807 and in 1810 when he was George Beaumont's guest at Coleorton near Ashby de la Zouche. In the details of the architecture of the castle he generally followed *Kenilworth Illustrated*, a handsome volume published at Chiswick in 1821. His account of the pageants is derived from a letter written by one Robert Laneham from Kenilworth to a friend in London, in which they are fully described. The suggestion of the period chosen for the novel came from Constable the bookseller, who, as Lockhart relates, requested "that Queen Elizabeth might be brought into the field in his next romance as a companion to the Mary Stuart of the *Abbot*." Constable proposed that the novel should be called the *Armada*. Scott, however, preferred another episode in Elizabeth's reign. I

sold in affectionate remembrance Mickle's ballad of *Cumnor Hall* (see p. xi), especially the melodious opening stanza, and this he determined should supply the story and the title of his new work. Afterwards, however, he consented, at Constable's suggestion, to call his novel not *Cumnor Hall* but *Kendworth*.

Scott, like Shakespeare, took great liberties with history. When he mingled it with fiction, he did not hesitate to commit such anachronisms, anachronisms and other transgressions of historical fact, as would give his narrative unity and make it more interesting. Sometimes he treats gossiping anecdotes as actual fact and sometimes relates what is demonstrably impossible. Whether the Earl of Leicester was guilty of the murder of Amy Robsart or whether her death was the result of her accidentally falling down stairs is an open question which will probably never be settled. Dark rumours were prevalent, accusing Leicester of the crime. On the other hand an inquest was held which does not appear to have implicated the Earl, but was in some ways unsatisfactory to him, for, though the jury gave a verdict of accidental death, he demanded the summoning of a second jury, a demand which may naturally be regarded as an indication of his conscience being clear of guilt. Scott follows the account of the matter given in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire* which is based on *Leicester's Commonwealth*, a partisan pamphlet written against Leicester. This pamphlet naturally took full advantage of rumours prejudicial to Leicester and many inaccuracies have been found in it. What is certain is that Amy was dead in 1560, fifteen years before the revels at *Kendworth*. In 1575 Leicester had indeed an unacknowledged wife, who was not, however, Amy Robsart, but Lady Sheffield. This is Scott's main transgression of history. He prolonged Amy's life so that he might introduce the entertainment of Elizabeth at *Kendworth* into his story. Also he naturally did not like to omit Shakespeare. Therefore he brings him in as having already written the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Tempest*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, in 1575, although the poet was then only eleven years old. There are other violations of historical fact in the novel. Amy's father was Sir John Robsart

of Norfolk and not Sir Hugh Robsart of Exmoor. She was married in 1550, not secreted at Sheen Palace, in the presence of Edward VI. In these novels Scott was not impaled on the dilemma that he had to face in *Ivanhoe*, and as speaking Middle English, what they said was unintelligible to his readers. II, on the other hand, he would not only have been untrue to fact but given a painfully modern air to his narrative. In the dilemma was the compromise of giving the Elizabethan English, which he could do well on in familiarity with Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan dramatists. This practice, which was an anachronism in novels, he followed in *Kenilworth*, where of course, he correctly reproduces Elizabethan English, it is unimpeachable and so he gives us the very words which his fictional might have uttered.

Kenilworth, published in 1821, was the twelfth in a series of Waverley novels and the second in which, crossing the Scottish border, Scott found fresh woods and pastures new for his creation in England. It must be claimed as a historical novel based on English history with *Ivanhoe*, *Perceval of the Woodstock*. The *Fortunes of Nigel* also deals with English history, but the chief interest centres round the Scottish characters, especially round the lifelike portrait of James VI of Scotland and First of England. In all these novels the *Abbot* which immediately preceded *Kenilworth*, Scott's his remarkable power of depicting kings and queens and persons of high political importance, in which and in his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men he may be said to rival Shakespeare. In his portrait gallery Elizabeth may be placed an honourable place beside Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Louis IX of France, James I. and Mary Queen of Scots in his other historical novels, even, we may add, with Shakespeare's historical

attributes to her in the introduction dated 1831, where he directly portrays her. "I have endeavoured," he says, "to describe her as at once a high minded sovereign and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour." In her pride of place, the subject of unlimited adulation, she is admirably contrasted with her fair, girlish rival, subjected to cruel indignities and owing to political schemes involved in a mesh from which she can find no escape, as her husband will not listen to the plain course of honour that she recommends to him. In *Kenilworth* as in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and most of his novels Scott shows clear traces of the influence of Shakespeare. We have seen that he could not forbear from bringing Shakespeare into the story and quoting passages from his plays without regard to chronology. Leicester and Varney correspond to Othello and Iago. In both cases we have a clever inferior treating a superior of high rank and reputation to murder his guiltless wife. Sometimes we notice resemblance in detail. Both Varney and Iago excite curiosity and enhancement of passionate anger by holding back what the unjust suspicions are founded upon and by pretending to defend their victims. (Compare p. 141, l. 16, p. 144, l. 21 with *Othello III. iii.*)

Varney, however, unlike Iago, has some redeeming points in his character. He was once inclined to avoid the "fatal crisis," possibly through fear, but perhaps from pity for his victim (p. 133). He "really loved his patron as well as such a wretch was capable of loving anything," and in his last declaration was careful to spare his character. Perhaps it is on account of these mitigations of his villainy, that Scott, who in all his novels was inclined to be merciful to his villains, would not allow him to be hanged. To the subordinate villain Michael Lambourne many readers will be quite ready to extend their sympathy. He was boastful, unscrupulous, and a drunkard, but he had a code of honour. It was clean against his conscience, he said, to hurt a man with whom he had drunk a morning draught. So he

army in 1569, but did not go to Ireland until 1581 and was not knighted before 1584.

RICHARD MASTER or MASTERS (d. 1588), was appointed physician to Elizabeth in 1579.

ANTHONY FOSTER, according to his epitaph in Cumnor Church was Lord of Cumnor and a gentleman of high merit, eloquent, musical and charitable. But Ashmole, whom Scott follows, says that he with Varney was guilty of the murder of Amy Robsart.

UNHISTORICAL.

RICHARD VARNEY, knighted by Elizabeth, Master of the Horse to Leicester. He is the villain of the novel.

EDMUND TREMILIAN, a young gentleman of Cornwall and heret of Sussex. Before the story opened, he was engaged to Amy Robsart. He is the nominal hero of the story.

SIR HUGH ROBSART, of Lidcote Hall, Devonshire, father of Amy Robsart. Historically her father was Sir John Robsart of Norfolk.

NICHOLAS BLOUNT, knighted by Elizabeth, Master of the Horse to Sussex.

ALASCO, quack, astrologer, poisoner and alchemist. He is modelled by Scott on Dr. Julio, Leicester's Italian physician who was supposed to compound poisons for his master.

WAYLAND, a smith who had learned secrets of medicine in the service of Alasco. His name is taken from a Teutonic legend of a mysterious invisible smith who eventually married.

JANET FOSTER, daughter of Anthony Foster.

MICHAEL LAMBOURNE, a soldier of fortune lately returned from the Spanish Main. He takes service under Varney whom he is killed.

GILES GOSLING, landlord of the Black Bear at Cumnor.

DICKON SLUDGE or FLIBBERTIGIBBET, an impish boy who for a time the associate of Wayland Smith.

LAWRENCE STAPLES, a jailer at Kenilworth.

KENILWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

[The story opens in the reign of Elizabeth at Cumnor, a village four miles from Oxford. Giles Gosling, the landlord of an old inn called the Black Bear, conducts a traveller into the principal room, where a number of villagers are assembled. The stranger appears to have led a wild life in foreign parts and turns out to be Michael Lambourne, the landlord's nephew, who had left the village in the end of Mary's reign with a bad reputation. To celebrate the scapegrace's return Giles Gosling invites to supper the whole company, including a mysterious guest called Tressilum, who had been two days in the inn and never spoken a word, save to ask for his food and his reckoning. At the supper Lambourne asks after some of his old acquaintances and finds that they have fallen in the clutches of the law. (Other portions of the story omitted from the text are very briefly related in the notes at the end.)]

"NAY, after these baulks," said Michael Lambourne, "I need hardly enquire after Tony Foster; for when ropes, and crossbow shafts, and pursuivant's warrants, and such like gear, were so rife, Tony could hardly 'escape them."

"Which Tony Foster mean you?" said the innkeeper.

"Why, be they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man else would give him light for love or money."

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said t
 "But, kinsman, I would not have you call
 Fire the Fagot, if you would not break the "

"How! is he grown ashamed on't?" s
 lbourne: "why, he was wont to boast of it,
 he liked as well to see a roasted heretic as a roa

"Ay, but, kinsman, that was in Mary's time,
 the landlord, "when Tony's father was Reeve
 the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony
 is a pure freeman, and is as good a Protestant, I s
 you, as the best."

"Then he hath prospered, I warrant him,"
 Lambourne.

"Prospered, quotha!" said the mercer, "
 you remember Cumnor-Place, the old mansion:
 beside the churchyard?"

"By the same token, I robbed the orchard t
 times—what of that?—It was the old Abbot's reside
 when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon."

20 "Ay," said the host, "but that has been long ov
 and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there
 some grant from a great courtier, who had the churc
 lands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has
 little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he we
 himself a belted knight."

"Nay," said the mercer, "it is not altogether prid
 in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and
 Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her."

"How!" said Tressilian, who now for the first time
 30 interfered in their conversation, "did ye not say this
 Foster was married, and to a precisian?"

"Married he was, and to as bitter a ———
 ate flesh ———"

Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter ; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about."

"And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?" said Tressilian.

"Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mewed up. For my part, I never so saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?"

"That I have, old boy," said the mercer. "Look you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion.—It was not the common path I took, but one through the Park ; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of 20 gold."

"Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, "thou wouldst willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks."

"Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh ; "not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his 30 bandy legs."

"And thou wouldst willingly show her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's, in a

enobles beard, and a round, surmounting, what d'ye lack met of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded branch ! ”

“ Nay, now, you are jealous of me, Mike,” said Goldthred. “ and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man.”

“ Harry confound thine impudence,” retorted Lamourne. “ thou wouldest not compare thy pudding face, and carvenet manners, to a gentleman, and a soldier ! ”

10 “ Nay, my good sir,” said Tressilian, “ let me beseech you will not interrupt the gallant citizen. methinks he tells his tale so well, I could hearken to him till midnight.”

“ It's more of your favour than of my desert,” answered Master Goldthred ; “ but since I give you pleasure, worthy Master Tressilian, I shall proceed.— And so, sir, as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose on my ambling palfrey's neck, never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes.”

20 “ May I ask her appearance, sir ? ” said Tressilian.

“ O, sir,” replied Master Goldthred, “ I promise you, she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself ; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves, of ginger-coloured satin, which, in my judgment, must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best fashioned thing that I have seen in these
30 parts, being of tawny taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe.”

“ I did not ask you of her attire, sir,” said Tressilian,

who had shown some impatience during this conversation, "but of her complexion—the colour of her hair, her features."

"Touching her complexion," answered the mercer, "I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid;—and then again, as to the colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold."

"A most mercer-like memory," said Lambourne: "the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes!"

"I tell thee," said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, "I had little time to look at her; for just as I was about to give her the good time of day, and for that purpose had puckered my features with a smile"—

"Like those of a jackanape sumpering at a chestnut," said Michael Lambourne.

"Up started of a sudden," continued Goldthred, without heeding the interruption, "Tony Foster himself, with a cudgel in his hand"—

"And broke thy head across, I hope, for thine impertinence," said his entertainer.

"That were more easily said than done," answered Goldthred, indignantly; "no, no—there was no breaking of heads—it's true, he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of laying on, and asked why I did not keep the public road, and such like; and I would have knocked him over the pate handsomely for his pains, only for the lady's presence, who might have swooned, for what I know." 30

"Now, out upon thee for a faint-spirited slave!" said Lambourne; "what adventurous knight ever thought of the lady's terror, when he went to thwack

giant, dragon, or magician, in her presence, and for deliverance? There thou hast missed the rare opportunity!"

"Take it thyself, then, bully Mike," answered G. thred.—"Yonder is the enchanted manor, and dragon, and the lady, all at thy service, if thou da venture on them."

"Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said soldier—"Or, stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt 10 bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, th go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony F to introduce me to his fair guest?"

"I accept your wager," said the mercer; "a think, though thou hadst even the impudence of devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I the linen."

"I will hold stakes on no such matter," said Go

"Good, now, my kinsman, drink your wine in c 20 and let such ventures alone. I promise you, M Foster hath interest enough to lay you up in lav in the Castle at Oxford, or to get your legs mad quainted with the town-stocks."

"That would be but renewing an old intimacy Mike's shins and the town's wooden pinfold have well known to each other ere now," said the me "but he shall not budge from his wager, unless he r to pay forfeit."

"Forfeit I" said Lambourne; "I scorn it. I 30 Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shelled pea-co

"I would gladly pay your halves of the risk," said Tressilian, "to be permitted to accompan on the adventure."

"In what would that advantage you, sir?" answered Lambourne.

"In nothing, sir," said Tressilian, "unless to mark the skill and valour with which you conduct yourself."

"Nay, if it pleases you to see a trout tickled," answered Lambourne, "I care not how many witness my skill. And so here I drink success to my enterprise."

The draught which Michael Lambourne took upon this occasion had been preceded by so many others, that his reason tottered on her throne. He swore one or two incoherent oaths at the mercer, who refused, reasonably enough, to pledge him to a sentiment which inferred the loss of his own wager.

"Wilt thou chop logic with me," said Lambourne, "thou knave, with no more brains than are in a skein of ravelled silk? by Heaven, I will cut thee into fifty yards of galloon lace!"

But as he attempted to draw his sword for this doughty purpose, Michael Lambourne was seized upon by the tapster and the chamberlain, and conveyed to his own apartment, there to sleep himself sober at his leisure.

CHAPTER II.

"AND how doth your kinsman, good mine host?" said Tressilian, when Giles Goshing first appeared in the public room, on the morning following the revel which we described in the last chapter. "Is he well, and will he abide by his wager?"

"For well, sir, he started two hours since, and has visited I know not what gossamers of his old companions:

hath but now returned, and is at this instant breakfasting on new-laid eggs and muscadine, and for his wager, I caution you as a friend to have little to do with that, or indeed with aught that Mike proposes. Wherefore, I counsel yon to a warm breakfast upon a culiss, which shall restore the tone of the stomach; and let my nephew and Master Goldthred swagger about their wager as they list."

"It seems to me, mine host," said Tressilian, "that you know not well what to say about this kinsman of yours; and that you can neither blame nor commend him without some twinge of conscience."

"You have spoken truly, Master Tressilian," replied Giles Gosling. "There is Natural Affection whimpering into one ear, 'Giles, Giles, why wilt thou take away the good name of thy own nephew?' And then, again, comes Justice, and says, 'Here is a worthy guest as ever came to the bonny Black Bear, one who never challenged a reckoning, and wilt thou, being a publican, having paid scot and lot these thirty years in the town of Cumnor, and being at this instant head-borough, wilt thou suffer this guest of guests to fall into the meshes of thy nephew, who is known for a swasher and a desperate Dick, a carder and a dicer, a professor of the seven damnable sciences, if ever man took degrees in them?' No, by Heaven! I might wink, and let him catch such a small hutterfly as Goldthred; but thou, my guest, shalt be forewarned, forearmed, so thou wilt but listen to thy trusty host."

30 "Why, mine host, thy counsel shall not be cast away," replied Tressilian; "however, I must uphold my share in this wager, having once passed my word to that effect. But lend me, I pray, some of thy counsel—

This Foster, who or what is he, and why makes he such mystery of his female inmate ? ”

“ Troth,” replied Gosling, “ I can add but little to what you heard last night. He was one of Queen Mary’s Papists, and now he is one of Queen Elizabeth’s Protestants ; he was an on-hanger of the Abbot of Abingdon, and now he lives as master of the Manor-house. Above all, he was poor and is rich. Folk talk of private apartments in his old waste mansion-house, bedizened fine enough to serve the Queen, God bless her. 10 I think it likely my kinsman and he will quarrel, if Mike thrust his acquaintance on him ; and I am sorry that you, my worthy Master Tressilian, will still think of going in my nephew’s company.”

Tressilian again answered him, that he would proceed with great caution, and that he should have no fears on his account ; in short, he bestowed on him all the customary assurances with which those who are determined on a rash action are wont to parry the advice of their friends.

20

Meantime, the traveller accepted the landlord’s invitation, and had just finished the excellent breakfast, which was served to him and Gosling by pretty Cately, the beauty of the bar, when the hero of the preceding night, Michael Lambourne, entered the apartment.

“ You hold your purpose, then, of visiting your old acquaintance ? ” said Tressilian to the adventurer.

“ Ay, sir,” replied Lambourne ; “ when stakes are made, the game must be played ; that is gamester’s law, all over the world. You, sir, unless my memory 20 fails me (for I did steep it somewhat too deeply in the sack-butt), took some share in my hazard ? ”

“ I propose to accompany you in your adventure,”

said Tressilian, "if you will do me so permit me; and I have staked my sh in the hands of our worthy host."

The village of Cumnor is pleasantly and in a wooded park closely adjacent to an ancient mansion occupied at this time by Foster. The park was then full of large particular, of ancient and mighty oaks, with their giant arms over the high wall surrounding the demesne, thus giving it a melancholy, monastic appearance. The avenue was grass, and, in one or two places, interrupted by withered brushwood. Besides the general desolation which is so strongly impressed, behold the contrivances of man wasted and by neglect, the size of the trees, and the extent of their boughs, diffused a gloom over even when the sun was at the highest.

"This wood is as dark as a wolf's mouth," said Tressilian, as they walked together slowly along a solitary and broken approach, and had just caught sight of the monastic front of the old mansion, shafted windows and brick walls overgrown with creeping shrubs. "And yet," continued Lambourne, "it is fairly done on the part of Foster too; for a house not visited, it is right to keep his place in such a fashion that will invite few to trespass upon his privacy here we are, and we must make the best of it." While he thus spoke, they had entered a large orchard which surrounded the house on two sides, though the trees were overgrown and mossy, and seemed to be fruitless. Lambourne then said,

had knocked more than once, that an aged sour-visaged domestic reconnoitred them through a small square hole in the door, well secured with bars of iron, and demanded what they wanted.

"To speak with Master Foster instantly, on pressing business of the state," was the ready reply of Michael Lambourne.

In a short time the servant returned, and drawing with a careful hand both bolt and bar, opened the gate, which admitted them through an archway into a square 10 court, surrounded by buildings. Opposite to the arch was another door, which the serving-man in like manner unlocked, and thus introduced them into a stone-paved parlour, where there was but little furniture, and that of the rudest and most ancient fashion.

Tressilian and his guide waited some space in the apartment ere the present master of the mansion at length made his appearance. Prepared as he was to see an inauspicious and ill-looking person, the ugliness of Anthony Foster considerably exceeded what Tressilian had anticipated. He was of middle stature, built strongly, but so clumsily as to border on deformity, and to give all his motions the ungainly awkwardness of a left-legged and left-handed man. His hair, in arranging which men at that time, as at present, were very nice and curious, instead of being carefully cleaned and disposed into short curls, or else set up on end, as is represented in old paintings, in a manner resembling that used by fine gentlemen of our own day, escaped in sable negligence from under a furred bonnet, and hung 30 in elf-locks, which seemed strangers to the comb, over his rugged brows, and around his very singular and unprepossessing countenance. His keen dark eyes were

stronger than you, and have in me a d the fighting devil, though not, it may be of the undermining fiend, that finds a way to his purpose—who hides halter pillows, and who puts ratsbane into the the stage-play says."

Foster looked at him earnestly, then and paced the room twice, with the same considerate pace with which he had entered suddenly came back, and extended his hand Lambourne, saying, "Be not wroth with Mike; I did but try whether thou hadst ought of thine old and honourable frankness, enviers and backbiters called saucy impudent pray your company in another chamber, he for what I have to say to thee is for the ear.—Meanwhile, I pray you, sir, to abide in apartment."

CHAPTER III.

THE room into which the Master of Cumnor-Pleducted his worthy visitant, was of greater extent than in which they had at first conversed, and more the appearance of dilapidation. Large presses, filled with shelves of the same wood, surrounded the room, and had, at one time, served for the arrangement of a numerous collection of books, many of yet remained, but deprived of their costly clasped bindings, and tossed together in heaps upon the floor as things altogether unworthy of notice.

seemed to have incurred the hostility of those enemies of learning, who had destroyed the volumes with which they had been heretofore filled. They were mantled with cobwebs, and covered with dust.

"The men who wrote these books," said Lambourne, "little thought whose keeping they were to fall into."

"Nor what yeoman's service they were to do me," quoth Anthony Foster—"the cook hath used them for scouring his pewter, and the groom hath had nought else to clean my boots with this many a month past."

"And yet," said Lambourne, "I have been in cities where such learned commodities would have been deemed too good for such offices."

"Pshaw, pshaw," answered Foster, "they are Popish trash, every one of them,—private studies of the mumping old Abbot of Abingdon. The nineteenthly of a pure gospel sermon were worth a cartload of such rakings of the kennel of Rome."

"Gad-a-mercy, Master Tony Fire-the-Fagot!" said Lambourne, by way of reply.

Foster scowled darkly at him, as he replied, "Hark ye, friend Mike; forget that name, and the passage which it relates to, if you would not have our newly-revived comradeship die a sudden and a violent death."

"Why," said Michael Lambourne, "you were wont to glory in the share you had in the death of the two old Levitical bishops."

"That," said his comrade, "was while I was in the gall of bitterness and land of iniquity. Mr. Melchizedek of Maulstert compared my misfortune in that matter to that of the Apostle Paul, who kept the clothes of the witnesses who stoned Saint Stephen."

"I prithee peace, Foster," said Lar. "I know not how it is. I have a sort of over my skin when I hear the devil go and beshes, man, how couldst thou have quit that convenient old religion, which off or on as easily as your glove! Do I how you were wont to carry your conscience, as duly as the month came round I hadst it scoured, and burnished, and whittled the priest, thou wert ever ready for the work which could be devised, like a child who readiest to rush into the mire when he has got day's clean jerkin on."

"Trouble not thyself about my conscience, Foster," it is a thing thou canst not understand never had one of thine own. But let us rather point, and say to me, in one word, what is thy with me, and what hopes have drawn thee hither.

"The hope of bettering myself, to be sure," answered Lambourne. "Look you, this purse has all left of as round a sum as a man would wish to carry in his slop-pouch. You are here well established, it seem, and, as I think, well befriended, for men in thy being under some special protection. Now I such protection is not purchased for nought; you have services to render for it, and in these I propose to help thee."

"But how if I lack no assistance from thee, Mr. I think thy modesty might suppose that were as possible."

"That is to say," retorted Lambourne, "that I would engross the whole work rather than be a part of it."

ness bursts the sack, and spills the grain. Look you, when the huntsman goes to kill a stag, he takes with him more dogs than one.—He has the stanch lyme-hound to track the wounded buck over hill and dale, but he hath also the fleet gaze-hound to kill him at view. Thou art the lyme-hound, I am the gaze-hound, and thy patron will need the aid of both, and can well afford to requite it. Thou hast deep sagacity—an unrelenting purpose—a steady long-breathed malignity of nature, that surpasses mine. But then, I am the bolder, the quicker, the more ready, both at action and expedient. Separate, our properties are not so perfect; but unite them, and we drive the world before us. How sayst thou—shall we hunt in couples?”

“It is a currish proposal—thus to thrust thyself upon my private matters,” replied Foster; “but thou wert ever an ill-nurtured whelp.”

“You shall have no cause to say so, unless you spurn my courtesy,” said Michael Lambourne; “but if so, keep thee well from me, Sir Knight, as the romance has it. I will either share your counsels or traverse them; for I have come here to be busy, either with thee or against thee.”

“Well,” said Anthony Foster, “since thou dost leave me so fair a choice, I will rather be thy friend than thine enemy. Thou art right; I can prefer thee to the service of a patron, who has enough of means to make us both, and an hundred more. And, to say truth, thou art well qualified for his service. Boldness and dexterity he demands—the justice-books bear witness in thy favour; no starting at scruples in his service—why, who ever suspected thee of a conscience?—an assurance he must have, who would follow a courtier

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream from the next apartment.

"By the holy Cross of Abingdon," exclaimed Anthony Foster, forgetting his Protestantism in his alarm, "I am a ruined man!"

So saying, he rushed into the apartment whence the scream issued, followed by Michael Lambourne. But to account for the sounds which interrupted their conversation, it is necessary to recede a little way in our narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Lambourne accompanied Foster into the library, they left Tressilian alone in the ancient parlour. His dark eye followed them forth of the apartment with a glance of contempt. "These are the associates, Amy,"—it was thus he communed with himself,—"to which thy cruel levity—thine unthinking and most unmerited falsehood, has condemned him, of whom his friends once hoped far other things.—I will save thee from thy betrayer, and from thyself—I will restore thee to thy parent—to thy God. I cannot bid the bright star again sparkle in the sphere it has shot from, but"—

A slight noise in the apartment interrupted his reverie—he looked round, and in the beautiful and richly-attired female who entered at that instant by a side-door, he recognised the object of his search. The first impulse arising from this discovery, urged him to conceal his face with the collar of his cloak, until he should find a favourable moment of making himself known. But his purpose was disconcerted by the young lady (she was

not above eighteen years old), who ran joyfully him, and, pulling him by the cloak, said p
 "Nay, my sweet friend, after I have waited for long, you come not to my bower to play the man. You are arraigned of treason to true love and affection; and you must stand up at the bar, and it with face uncovered—how say you, guilty or

"Alas, Amy!" said Tressilian, in a low and cholery tone, as he suffered her to draw the mantle from his face. The sound of his voice, and still more the unexpected sight of his face, changed in an instant the lady's playful mood—She staggered back, turned pale as death, and put her hands before her face. Tressilian was himself for a moment much overcome, seeming suddenly to remember the necessity of seizing an opportunity which might not again occur, and in a low tone, "Amy, fear me not."

"Why should I fear you?" said the lady, drawing her hands from her beautiful face, which was now covered with crimson,—
 20 "why should I fear Mr. Tressilian?—or wherefore have you intruded yourself into my dwelling, uninvited, sir, and unwished?"

"Your dwelling, Amy!" said Tressilian. "This is a prison your dwelling?—a prison, guarded by the most sordid of men, but not a greater wretch than his employer!"

"This house is mine," said Amy, "mine will I choose to inhabit it—If it is my pleasure to live in seclusion, who shall gainsay me?"

30 "Your father, maiden," answered Tressilian, "your broken-hearted father; who dispatched me in quest of you with that authority which he cannot exercise again. Here is his letter, written while he blessed

pain of body which somewhat stunned the agony of his mind."

"The pain!—is my father then ill?" said the lady.

"So ill," answered Tressilian, "that even your utmost haste may not restore him to health; but all shall be instantly prepared for your departure, the instant you yourself will give consent."

"Tressilian," answered the lady, "I cannot, I must not, I dare not leave this place. Go back to my father—tell him I will obtain leave to see him within twelve hours from hence. Go back, Tressilian—tell him I am well, I am happy—happy could I think he was so—tell him not to fear that I will come, and in such a manner that all the grief Amy has given him shall be forgotten—the poor Amy is now greater than she dare name.—Go, good Tressilian—I have injured thee too, but believe me I have power to heal the wounds I have caused—I robbed you of a childish heart, which was not worthy of you, and I can repay the loss with honours and advancement."

"Do you say this to me, Amy!—Do you offer me pageants of idle ambition, for the quiet peace you have robbed me of!—But be it so—I came not to upbraid, but to serve and to free you.—You cannot disguise it from me; you are a prisoner. Otherwise your kind heart—for it was once a kind heart—would have been already at your father's bedside.—Come—poor, deceived, unhappy maiden!—all shall be forgot—all shall be forgiven. Fear not my importunity for what regarded our contract—it was a dream, and I have awaked.—But come—your father yet lives—Come, and one word of affection—one tear of penitence, will efface the memory of all that has passed."

"Have I not already said, Tressilian," replied a
 "that I will surely come to my father, and that with-
 further delay than is necessary to discharge other a
 equally binding duties?—Go, carry him the news—
 come as soon as there is light in heaven—that is, when
 obtain permission."

"Permission!—permission to visit your father on
 his sick bed, perhaps on his death-bed!" repeated
 Tressilian, impatiently, "and permission from whom
 10 — From the villain, who, under disguise of friendship
 abused every duty of hospitality, and stole thee from
 thy father's roof?"

"Do him no slander, Tressilian!—He whom thou
 speakest of wears a sword as sharp as thine—sharper,
 vain man—for the best deeds thou hast ever done in
 peace or war were as unworthy to be named with his,
 as thy obscure rank to match itself with the sphere he
 moves in.—Leave me! Go, do mine errand to my
 father, and when he next sends to me, let him choose a
 20 more welcome messenger."

"Amy," replied Tressilian, calmly, "thou canst not
 move me by thy reproaches.—Tell me one thing, that I
 may bear at least one ray of comfort to my aged friend
 —This rank of his which thou dost boast—dost thou
 share it with him, Amy?—Does he claim a husband's
 right to control thy motions?"

"Stop thy base unmannered tongue!" said the lady;
 "to no question that derogates from my honour do I
 deign an answer."

30 "You have said enough in refusing to reply,
 answered Tressilian; "and mark me, unhappy as thou
 art, I am armed with thy father's full authority to
 command thy obedience, and I will save thee from th

slavery of sin and of sorrow, even despite of thyself, Amy."

"Menace no violence here!" exclaimed the lady, drawing back from him, and alarmed at the determination expressed in his look and manner; "threaten me not, Tressilian, for I have means to repel force."

"But not, I trust, the wish to use them in so evil a cause?" said Tressilian. "With thy will—thine uninfluenced, free, and natural will, Amy, thou canst not choose this state of slavery and dishonour—thou hast been bound by some spell—entrapped by some deceit—art now detained by some compelled vow.—But thus I break the charm—Amy, in the name of thine excellent, thy broken-hearted father, I command thee to follow me!"

As he spoke, he advanced and extended his arm, as with the purpose of laying hold upon her. But she shrunk back from his grasp, and uttered the scream which brought into the apartment Lambourne and Foster.

20

The latter exclaimed in a tone betwixt entreaty and command, "Madam, what make you here out of bounds?—Retire—retire—there is life and death in this matter.—And you, friend, whoever you may be, leave this house—out with you, before my dagger's hilt and your costard become acquainted—Draw, Mike, and rid us of the knave!"

"Not I, on my soul," replied Lambourne; "he came hither in my company, and he is safe from me by cutter's law, at least till we meet again.—But hark ye, my Cornish comrade, make yourself scarce—depart—vanish."

"Away, have you?" said Tressilian.—"And you,

madam, fare you well—what his fingers in your father's bosom will leave him at the news I have to tell."

He departed, the lady saying faintly as he left the room, "Tressilian, be not rash—say no scandal of me."

"Here is proper gear," said Foster. "I pray you go to your chamber, my lady, and let us consider how this is to be answered—nay, tarry not."

"I move not at your command, sir," answered the lady.

10 "Nay, but you must, fair lady," replied Foster; "excuse my freedom, but, by blood and nails, this is no time to strain courtesies—you must go to your chamber.—Mike, follow that meddling coxcomb, and as you desire to thrive, see him safely clear of the premises, while I bring this headstrong lady to reason—Draw thy tool, man, and alter him."

"I'll follow him," said Michael Lambourne, "but for hurting a man I have drunk my morning's draught withal, 'tis clean against my conscience." *So saying,*
20 he left the apartment.

Tressilian, meanwhile, with hasty steps, pursued the first path which promised to conduct him through the wild and overgrown park. Haste and distress of mind led his steps astray, and instead of taking the avenue which led towards the village, he chose another, which, after he had pursued it for some time with a hasty and reckless step, conducted him to the other side of the demesne, where a postern-door opened through the wall, and led into the open country.

30 As Tressilian approached to try some means of opening the door, or climbing over it, he perceived there was a key put into the lock from the outside. It turned round, the bolt revolved, and a cavalier, who entered, muffled

in his riding-cloak, stood at once within four yards of him who was desirous of going out. They exclaimed at once, in tones of resentment and surprise, the one "Varney!" the other "Tressilian!"

"What make you here?" was the stern question put by the stranger to Tressilian, when the moment of surprise was past—"What make you here, where your presence is neither expected nor desired?"

"Nay, Varney," replied Tressilian, "what make you here? Are you come to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed?—Draw, dog, and defend thyself!"

Tressilian drew his sword as he spoke, but Varney only laid his hand on the hilt of his own, as he replied, "Thou art mad, Tressilian—I own appearances are against me, but by every oath a priest can make, or a man can swear, Mistress Amy Robsart hath had no injury from me; and in truth I were somewhat loath to hurt you in this cause—Thou know'st I can fight."

"I have heard thee say so, Varney," replied Tressilian; "but now, methinks, I would fain have some better evidence than thine own word."

"That shall not be lacking, if blade and hilt be but true to me," answered Varney; and drawing his sword with the right hand, he threw his cloak around his left, and attacked Tressilian with a vigour which, for a moment, seemed to give him the advantage of the combat. But this advantage lasted not long. Tressilian added to a spirit determined on revenge a hand and eye admirably well adapted to the use of the rapier; so that Varney, finding himself hard pressed in his turn, endeavoured to avail himself of his superior strength by closing with his adversary. For this purpose, he hazarded the receiving one of Tressilian's passes in his

cloak, wrapt as it was around his arm, his adversary could extricate his rapier thus, closed with him, shortening his own sword time, with the purpose of dispatching him. Tressilian was on his guard, and unsheathing his sword, parried with the blade of that weapon the blow which would otherwise have finished Varney, in his ill-advised attempt, receiving a sudden and violent, that his sword flew from his hand, and ere he could recover his antagonist was pointed to his throat.

"Give me the instant means of relieving of thy treachery," said Tressilian, "or take look of your Creator's blessed sun!"

And while Varney, too confused or too sullen to make a sudden effort to arise, his adversary drew his arm, and would have executed his threat, the blow was arrested by the grasp of Michael Lambourne, directed by the clashing of swords, had he been just in time to save the life of Varney.

"Come, come, comrade," said Lambourne, "is not enough done, and more than enough—put up your sword and let us be jogging—The Black Bear growls for you."

"Off, abject!" said Tressilian, striking himself in the face with the hilt of his sword, "darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy?"

"Abject! abject!" repeated Lambourne; "thy sword shall be answered with cold steel whenever a bowl of sack has washed out memory of the morning's draught that we had together. In the meanwhile, do you see the shog—tramp—begone—we are two to one." He spoke truth, for Varney was a shog.

madness to press the quarrel farther against such odds. He took his purse from his side, and taking out two gold nobles, fung them to Lambourne; "There, caitiff, is thy morning wage—thou shalt not say thou hast been my guide unhired—Varney, farewell—we shall meet where there are none to come betwixt us." So saying, he turned round and departed through the postern-door.

CHAPTER V.

FOUR apartments, which occupied the western side of the old quadrangle at Cumnor-Place, had been fitted up with extraordinary splendour. Workmen sent from 10 London, and not permitted to leave the premises until the work was finished, had converted the apartments in that side of the building, from the dilapidated appearance of a dissolved monastic house, into the semblance of a royal palace. A mystery was observed in all these arrangements: the workmen came thither and returned by night, and all measures were taken to prevent the prying curiosity of the villagers from observing or speculating upon the changes which were taking place in the mansion. Accordingly, the secrecy desired was so 20 far preserved, that nothing got abroad but vague and uncertain reports, which were received and repeated, but without much credit being attached to them.

On the evening of which we treat, the new and highly decorated suite of rooms were, for the first time, illuminated, and that with a brilliancy which might have been visible half-a-dozen miles off, had not oaken shutters, carefully secured with bolt and padlock, and mantled with long curtains of silk and of velvet, deeply

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fringed with gold, prevented the splendour from being seen without.

The principal apartments were four opening into the other. Access was given by a large scale staircase of unusual length which had its landing-place at the door of a chamber, shaped somewhat like a gallery, which the Abbot had used as an occasional chamber, but it was now beautifully wainscoted with wood of a brown colour, and bearing a high, to have been brought from the Western Isle, and much damage to the tools of the workmen.

From this antechamber opened a banquetting room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls, lately so bare and ghastly, were now covered with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver; the chandeliers of ebony, richly carved, with cushions corresponding to the hangings; and the place of the silver sconce was supplied by a chandelier of the same precious metal. The floor was covered with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which flowers and fruits were represented in such glowing natural colours, that you hesitated to place the foot on such exquisite workmanship.

The third apartment was called the withdrawing room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton; for the looms of Flanders were never occupied on classical subjects. The principal service of this apartment was a chair of state, raised two feet from the floor, and facing the door.

well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, was composed of crimson velvet, embroidered with seed-pearl. On the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess.

The divinity for whose sake this temple had been decorated was well worthy the cost and pains which had been bestowed. She was seated in the withdrawing-room which we have described, surveying with the pleased eye of natural and innocent vanity, the splendour which had been so suddenly created, as it were in her honour. For, as her own residence at Cumnor-Place formed the cause of the mystery observed in all the preparations for opening these apartments, it was adulously arranged, that, until she took possession of them, she should have no means of knowing what was going forward in that part of the ancient building, or of exposing herself to be seen by the workmen engaged in the decorations. She had been, therefore, introduced on that evening to a part of the mansion which she had never yet seen, so different from all the rest, that it appeared, in comparison, like an enchanted palace. And when she first examined and occupied these splendid rooms, it was with the wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty, who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendour which her most extravagant wishes had never imagined, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment that surrounds her is the work of the great magician Love.

The Countess Amy, therefore,—for to that rank she was exalted by her private but solemn union with England's proudest Earl,—had for a time flitted hastily from room to room, admiring each new proof of her lover

thoroughly hath he my lord's ear, that few have thrived who have thwarted his courses."

"And from whom had you this, my most righteous Janet?" said the Countess; "or why should I keep terms with so mean a gentleman as Varney, being, as I am, wife to his master and patron?"

"Nay, madam," replied Janet Foster, "your ladyship knows better than I—But I have heard my father say, he would rather cross a hungry wolf, than thwart 10 Richard Varney in his projects."

CHAPTER VI.

At this moment the folding-doors flew wide open, and a man of majestic mien, muffled in the folds of a long dark riding-cloak, entered the apartment.

There was some little displeasure and confusion on the Countess's brow, owing to her struggle with Varney's pertinacity; but it was exchanged for an expression of the purest joy and affection, as she threw herself into the arms of the noble stranger who entered, and clasping him to her bosom, exclaimed, "At length—at length 20 thou art come!"

Varney discreetly withdrew as his lord entered, and Janet was about to do the same, when her mistress signed to her to remain. She took her place at the farther end of the apartment, and continued standing, as if ready for attendance.

Meanwhile the Earl, for he was of no inferior rank, returned his lady's caress with the most affectionate ardour, but affected to resist when she strove to take his cloak from him.

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"Nay," she said, "but I will unmantle you—I will see if you have kept your word to me, and come as the great Earl men call thee, and not as heretofore like a private cavalier."

"Thou art like the rest of the world, Amy," said the Earl, suffering her to prevail in the playful contest, "the jewels, and feathers, and silk, are more to them than the man whom they adorn—many a poor blade looks gay in a velvet scabbard."

"But so cannot men say of thee, thou noble Earl," so said his lady, as the cloak dropped on the floor, and showed him dressed as princes when they rule abroad. "thou art the good and well tried steel, whose inward worth deserves, yet disdains, its outward ornaments. Do not think Amy can love thee better in this glorious garb, than she did when she gave her heart to him who wore the russet brown cloak in the woods of Devon."

"And thou too," said the Earl, as gracefully and majestically he led his beautiful Countess towards the chair of state which was prepared for them both. "thou too, my love, hast donned a dress which becomes thy rank, though it cannot improve thy beauty. What think'st thou of our court taste?"

The lady cast a sideways glance upon the great mirror as they passed it by, and then said, "I know not how it is, but I think not of my own person, while I look at the reflection of mine. Sit thou there," she said, as they approached the chair of state, "like a thing for men to worship and to wonder at."

"Ay, love," said the Earl, "if thou wilt share my state with me."

"Not so," said the Countess, "I will sit on the footstool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy

splendour, and learn, for the first time, how princes are attired."

And with a childish wonder, which her youth and rustic education rendered not only excusable but becoming, mixed as it was with a delicate show of the most tender conjugal affection, she examined and admired from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of him, who formed the proudest ornament of the court of England's Maiden Queen, renowned as it was for splendid courtiers, as well as for wise counsellors. Regarding affectionately his lovely bride, and gratified by her unrepressed admiration, the dark eye and noble features of the Earl expressed passions more gentle than the commanding and aspiring look which usually sat upon his broad forehead, and in the piercing brilliancy of his dark eye; and he smiled at the simplicity which dictated the questions she put to him concerning the various ornaments with which he was decorated.

"The embroidered strap, as thou callest it, around my knee," he said, "is the English Garter, an ornament which kings are proud to wear. See, here is the star which belongs to it, and here the Diamond George, the jewel of the order. You have heard how King Edward and the Countess of Salisbury"—

"O, I know all that tale," said the Countess, slightly blushing, "and how a lady's garter became the proudest badge of English chivalry."

"Even so," said the Earl; "and this most honourable Order I had the good hap to receive at the same time with three most noble associates, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Rutland. I was the lowest of the four in rank—but what then?—He that climbs a ladder must begin at the first round."

"But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel like a sheep hung by the middle attached to it, what," said the young Countess, "does that emblem signify?"

"This collar," said the Earl, "with its double fusilles interchanged with these knobs, which are supposed to present flint-stones, sparkling with fire, and sustaining the jewel you enquire about, is the badge of the noble Order of the Golden Fleece."

"And this other collar, to what country does this fair jewel belong?"

"To a very poor one, my love," replied the Earl, "this is the Order of Saint Andrew, revived by the last James of Scotland. It was bestowed on me when it was thought the young widow of France and Scotland would gladly have wedded an English baron. And now, lovebest, your wish is gratified, and you have seen your vassal in such of his trim array as accords with riding vestments, for robes of state and coronets are only for princely halls."

"But shall I," said the lady, "go with you to one of your castles?"

"Why, Amy," said the Earl, looking around, "are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour? I gave the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction."

"Nay, my lord, now you mock me," replied the Countess; "the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from

id her husband; "and I am the better pleased
 hast done them this grace, because Richard Varney
 ' sworn man, and a close brother of my secret
 d; and for the present, I must needs repose much
 in this Anthony Foster "

had a boon to beg of thee, and a secret to tell thee,
 ear lord," said the Countess, with a faltering accent.
 et both be for to-morrow, my love," replied the

"I see they open the folding-doors into the
 neting-parlour, and as I have ridden far and fast, 10
) of wine will not be unacceptable."

saying he led his lovely wife into the next apart-
 , where Varney and Foster received them with the
 est reverences, which the first paid after the fashion
 e court, and the second after that of the congrega-

The Earl returned their salutation with the
 gent courtesy of one long used to such homage;
 e the Countess repaid it with a punctilious solicitude,
 h showed it was not quite so familiar to her,

CHAPTER VII.

LY on the ensuing morning, Varney acted as the ²⁰
 la's chamberlain as well as his master of horse, though
 latter was his proper office in that magnificent
 sehould, where knights and gentlemen of good descent
 e well contented to hold such menial situations, as
 les themselves held in that of the sovereign.

Help me to do on a plainer riding-suit, Varney,"

Richard Varney who will incur the displeasure of Majesty, and the ridicule of the court.—I would only re you yourself be assured, my lord, ere you take a step which cannot be retracted, that you consult your peace and happiness in the course you propose."

"Speak on, then, Varney," said the Earl; "I tell thee I have determined nothing, and will weigh all considerations on either side."

"Well, then, my lord," replied Varney, "we will propose the step taken. You have retired, we will say, to some one of your most distant castles. We will propose, too, that your successful rival will be satisfied with abridging and cutting away the branches of the great tree which so long kept the sun from him. Well; the late prime favourite of England, who wielded her marshal's staff and controlled her parliaments, is now a rural baron, hunting, hawking, drinking fat ale with country esquires, and mustering his men at the command of the High Sheriff."—

"Varney, forbear!" said the Earl.

29

"Nay, my lord, you must give me leave to conclude my picture.—Sussex governs England—the Queen's health fails—the succession is to be settled—a road is opened to ambition more splendid than ambition ever dreamed of.—You hear all this as you sit by the hob, under the shade of your hall-chimney—You then begin to think what hopes you have fallen from, and what insignificance you have embraced—and all that you might look babies in the eyes of your fair wife sterner than once a fortnight."

30

"I am Varney," said the Earl, "and I am not a child."

due consideration to the public safety. Be it witness to me, Varney. I subdue my wishes of retirement, not because I am moved by the call of private ambition, but that I may preserve the position in which I may best serve my country at the hour of need — Order our horses presently. I will wear, as formerly, one of the livery cloaks and ride before the portmantale. — Thou shalt be master for the day, Varney — neglect nothing that can blind suspicion. We will to horse ere men are stirring. I will but take leave of my lady, and be ready. I impose a restraint on my own poor heart, and wound one yet more dear to me, but the patriot must subdue the husband."

Having said this in a melancholy but firm accent, he left the dressing apartment, bent on taking a hasty farewell of the lovely Countess, and scarce daring to trust himself in private with her, to hear requests again urged, which he found it difficult to parry, yet which his recent conversation with his master of horse had determined him not to grant.

He found her in a white cymar of silk lined with furs, her little feet unstockinged and hastily thrust into slippers; her unbraided hair escaping from under her midnight coif, with little array but her own loveliness, rather augmented than diminished by the grief which she felt at the approaching moment of separation.

"Now, God be with thee, my dearest and loveliest!" said the Earl, scarce tearing himself from her embrace, yet again returning to fold her again and again in his

th were the words, with which at length he strove to shorten their parting interview.

"You will not grant my request, then?" said the Countess. "Ah, false knight! did ever lady, with bare foot in slipper, seek boon of a brave knight, yet return denial?"

"Any thing, Amy, any thing thou canst ask I will grant," answered the Earl—"always excepting," he added, "that which might ruin us both."

"Say," said the Countess, "I urge not my wish to 10 be acknowledged in the character which would make me the envy of England—as the wife, that is, of my brave noble lord, the first as the most fondly beloved of our nobles—Let me but share the secret with my father!—Let me but end his misery on my unhappy account—they say he is ill, the good old kind-hearted man!"

"They say?" asked the Earl, hastily; "who says? not Varney convey to Sir Hugh all we dare at present 20 tell you concerning your happiness and welfare? and has he not told you that the good old knight was following."

"With good heart and health, his favourite and wonted course! Who has dared put other thoughts into his head?"

"O, no one, my lord, no one," said the Countess, feeling alarmed at the tone in which the question was put, "but yet, my lord, I would fain be assured by my own eye-sight that my father is well."

"Be contented, Amy—thou canst not now have communication with thy father or his house. Were 30 it not a deep course of policy to commit no secret un-
warily to the custody of more than must needs be,

man, yonder Trevanion, or Tressilian, or whatever his name is, haunts the old knight's house, and must necessarily know whatever is communicated there."

"My lord," answered the Countess, "I do not think it so. My father has been long noted a worthy and honourable man; and for Tressilian, if we can pardon ourselves the ill we have wrought him, I will wager the coronet I am to share with you one day, that he is incapable of returning injury for injury."

10 "I will not trust him, however, Amy," said her husband; "by my honour, I will not trust him—I would rather the foul fiend intermingle in our secret than thus Tressilian!"

"And why, my lord?" said the Countess, though she shuddered slightly at the tone of determination in which he spoke; "let me but know why you think thus hardly of Tressilian?"

"Madam," replied the Earl, "my will ought to be a sufficient reason—If you desire more, consider how
20 this Tressilian is leagued, and with whom. He stands high in the opinion of this Radcliffe, this Sussex, against whom I am barely able to maintain my ground in the opinion of our suspicious mistress; and if he had me at such advantage, Amy, as to become acquainted with the tale of our marriage, before Elizabeth were fitly prepared, I were an outcast from her grace for ever—a bankrupt at once in favour and in fortune, perhaps, for she hath in her a touch of her father Henry,—a victim, and it may be a bloody one, to her offended and jealous resentment."

30 "But why, my lord," again urged his lady, "should

will he betray your secret. If I did him wrong in your behalf, my lord, I am now the more concerned you should do him justice.—You are offended at my speaking of him, what would you say had I actually myself seen him ? ”

“ If you had,” replied the Earl, “ you would do well to keep that interview as secret as that which is spoken in a confessional. I seek no one’s ruin ; but he who thrusts himself on my secret privacy, were better look well to his future walk. The bear brooks no one to cross his awful path.”

“ Awful, indeed ! ” said the Countess, turning very pale.

“ You are ill, my love,” said the Earl, supporting her in his arms ; “ stretch yourself on your couch again ; it is but an early day for you to leave it.—Have you aught else, involving less than my fame, my fortune, and my life, to ask of me ? ”

“ Nothing, my lord and love,” answered the Countess, faintly ; “ something there was that I would have told you, but your anger has driven it from my recollection.”

“ Reserve it till our next meeting, my love,” said the Earl fondly, and again embracing her ; “ and barring only those requests which I cannot and dare not grant, thy wish must be more than England and all its dependencies can fulfil, if it is not gratified to the letter.”

Thus saying, he at length took farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young

follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour.

"By my honour," said Blount, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liverys, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace-gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

Raleigh caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the urgent porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex, but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in

reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to obey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonnetting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in

ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of the flood-tide.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege-man's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou

something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends.—What art thou ? ”

“ A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse, upon a message to your Majesty.”

In a moment the gracious expression, which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained, gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

“ My Lord of Sussex,” she said, “ has taught us how to regard his messages, by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning the physician in ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time, understanding his lordship's illness to be more dangerous than we had before apprehended. When he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive, at present at least, no excuse ; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message.”

This was uttered in a tone, and with a gesture, which 20 made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not ; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the Queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied :—“ So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex.”

“ With what were you then charged, air ? ” said the Queen, with the impetuosity which, amid nobler qualities, strongly marked her character ; “ was it with a justifica- 30 tion !—or, God's death ! with a defiance ! ”

“ Madam,” said the young man, “ my Lord of Sussex knew the offence approached towards treason, and

strengthened, from the only sleep he has had for many hours."

The Queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over bold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Know'st thou not the Holy Writ saith, 'in the multitude of counsel there is safety?' Young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devon-shire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of 20 wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young, to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters—the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returned 30 from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy

muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our farther known. And here," she added, & jewel of gold, in the form of a chess-man, "this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught int. it were, those courtly arts which many seal from long experience, knelt, and, as he took hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave

CHAPTER IX.

"I AM ordered to attend court to-morrow," said La 10 speaking to Varney, "to meet, as they surmi Lord of Sussex. The Queen intends to take up a betwixt us. Have my retinue in order—see that array be so splendid as to put down not only the companions of Ratcliffe, but the retainers of other nobleman and courtier. Let them be well withal, but without any outward display of their wearing them as if more for fashion's sake than for Do thou thyself keep close to me, I may have busin for you."

20 The preparations of Sussex and his party were no less anxious than those of Leicester.

"Thy Supplication, impeaching Varney of seduction," said the Earl to Tressilian, "is by this time in the Queen's hand—I have sent it through a sure channel. Methinks your suit should succeed, being, as it is, founded in justics and honour, and Elizabeth being the very muster of both. But, I wot not how—the gipsy" (so Sussex was wont to call his rival on account of his dark complexion) "is

holyday times of peace.—Well, we must be gay, since such is the fashion."

While the rival statesmen were thus anxiously preparing for their approaching meeting in the Queen's presence, even Elizabeth herself was not without apprehension of what might chance from the collision of two such fiery spirits, each backed by a strong and numerous body of followers. The band of Gentlemen Pensioners were all under arms, and a reinforcement of the yeomen of the guard was brought down the 10 Thames from London.

The eventful hour, thus anxiously prepared for on all sides, at length approached, and, each followed by his long and glittering train of friends and followers, the rival Earls entered the Palace-yard of Greenwich at noon precisely.

The folding doors at the upper end of the long gallery were immediately afterwards opened, and it was announced in a whisper that the Queen was in her presence-chamber, to which these gave access. Both Earls moved 20 slowly and stately towards the entrance; Sussex followed by Tressilian, Blount, and Raleigh, and Leicester by Varney. The pride of Leicester was obliged to give way to court-forms, and with a grave and formal inclination of the head, he paused until his rival, a peer of older creation than his own, passed before him. Sussex returned the reverence with the same formal civility, and entered the presence-room, where the Queen, attired with even more than her usual splendour, and surrounded by those nobles and statesmen whose 30 courage and wisdom have rendered her reign immortal, stood ready to receive the homage of her subjects.

"My Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex,"

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said the Queen, "I command you both with each other; or by the crown I wear, an enemy who will be too strong for both."

"Madam," said the Earl of Leicester, "are yourself the fountain of honour, know due to mine. I place it at your disposal, as that the terms on which I have stood with of Sussex have not been of my seeking; I cause to think me his enemy, until he had done 10 wrong."

"For me, madam," said the Earl of Sussex, "cannot appeal from your sovereign pleasure were well content my Lord of Leicester should what I have, as he terms it, wronged him, a tongue never spoke the word that I would not justify either on foot or horseback."

"And for me," said Leicester, "always and gracious Sovereign's pleasure, my hand shall be as to make good my words, as that of any man who 20 wrote himself Ratchiffe."

"My lords," said the Queen, "these are no terms this presence; and if you cannot keep your terms we will find means to keep both that and you enough. Let me see you join hands, my lords, and forget your idle animosities."

The two rivals looked at each other with reluctant eyes, each unwilling to make the first advance to execute the Queen's will.

"Sussex," said Elizabeth, "I entreat—Leicester, do I command you."

Yet, so were her words accented, that the entreat sounded like command, and the command like entreat. They remained still as statues.

voice to a height which argued at once impatience and absolute command.

"Sir Henry Lee," she said, to an officer in attendance, "have a guard in present readiness, and man a barge instantly.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid you once more to join hands—and, God's death! he that refuses shall taste of our Tower fare ere he see our face again. I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and that I promise, on the word of a Queen!"

"The prison," said Leicester, "might be borne, but to lose your Grace's presence, were to lose light and life at once.—Here, Sussex, is my hand."

"And here," said Sussex, "is mine in truth and honesty; but"—

"Nay, under favour, you shall add no more," said the Queen. "Why, this is as it should be," she added, looking on them more favourably, "and when you, the shepherds of the people, unite to protect them, it shall be well with the flock we rule over. For, my lords, I tell you plainly, your follies and your brawls lead to strange disorders among your servants.—My Lord of Leicester, you have a gentleman in your household, called Varoey?"

"Yes, gracious madam," replied Leicester. "I presented him to kiss your royal hand when you were last at Nonsuch."

"His outside was well enough," said the Queen, "but scarce so fair, I should have thought, as to have caused a maiden of honourable birth and hopes to barter her fame for his good looks, and become his paramour. Yet so it is—this fellow of yours hath seduced the daughter of a good old Devonshire knight, Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidecote Hall, and she hath fled with him from her father's

house like a castaway.—My Lord of Leicester, are you that you look so deadly pale ? ”

“ No, gracious madam,” said Leicester ; and required every effort he could make to bring forth the few words.

“ You are surely ill, my lord ? ” said Elizabeth, going towards him with hasty speech and hurried step, which indicated the deepest concern. “ Call Masters—call the surgeon in ordinary—Where be these loitering fools ? ”

10 We lose the pride of our court through their negligence—Or is it possible, Leicester,” she continued, looking at him with a very gentle aspect, “ can fear of my displeasure have wrought so deeply on thee ? Doubt not for a moment, noble Dudley, that we could blame thee for the folly of thy retainer—thee, whose thoughts we know to be far otherwise employed ! He that would climb the eagle’s nest, my lord, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice.”

“ Mark you that ! ” said Sussex, aside to Raleigh.

20 “ The devil aids him surely ! for all that would sink another ten fathom deep, seems but to make him float the more easily. Had a follower of mine acted thus “——

“ Peace, my good lord,” said Raleigh, “ for God’s sake, peace ! Wait the change of the tide ; it is even now on the turn.”

The acute observation of Raleigh, perhaps, did not deceive him ; for Leicester’s confusion was so great, and, indeed, for the moment, so irresistibly overwhelming, that Elizabeth, after looking at him with a wondering eye, and receiving no intelligible answer to the unusual expressions of grace and affection which had escaped her, shot her quick glance around the circle of courtiers,

and reading, perhaps, in their faces, something that accorded with her own awakened suspicions, she said suddenly, "Or is there more in this than we see—or than you, my lord, wish that we should see. Call this Varney hither instantly—there is one Tressilian also mentioned in this petition—let them both come before us."

She was obeyed, and Tressilian and Varney appeared accordingly. Varney's first glance was at Leicester, his second at the Queen. In the look of the latter there appeared an approaching storm, and in the downcast

10

countenance of his patron he could read no directions in which way he was to turn his vessel for the encounter—he then saw Tressilian, and at once perceived the peril of the situation in which he was placed. But Varney was as bold-faced and ready-witted as he was cunning and unscrupulous,—a skilful pilot in extremity, and fully conscious of the advantages which he could obtain, could he extricate Leicester from his present peril, and of the ruin that yawned for himself, should he fail in doing so.

20

"Is it true, sirrah," said the Queen, with one of those searching looks which few had the audacity to resist, "that you have reduced to infancy a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robart of Ladcote Hall?"

Varney knelt down, and replied, with a look of the most profound contrition, "There had been some love passages betwixt him and Mistress Amy Robart."

30

Leicester's flesh quivered with indignation as he heard his dependent make this avowal, and for one moment he seemed himself to step forward, and, bidding farewell to the court and the royal favour, confess the whole mystery of the secret marriage. But he looked at

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Sussex, and the idea of the triumphant son would clothe his cheek upon hearing the avowal of his lips. "Not now, at least," he thought, "in thy presence, will I afford him so rich a triumph by pressing his lips close together, he stood firm and collected, attentive to each word which Varney uttered, and determined to hide to the last the secret on his court-favour seemed to depend. Meanwhile Queen proceeded in her examination of Varney.

"Love passages," said she, echoing his last words, "what passages, thou knave! and why not ask the wench's hand from her father, if thou hadst any heart in thy love for her?"

"An it please your Grace," said Varney, still on his knees, "I dared not do so, for her father had promised her hand to a gentleman of birth and honour—I will do him justice, though I know it bears me ill will—one Master Edmund Tressilian whom I now see in the presence."

"So!" replied the Queen, "and what was your right to make the simple fool break her worthy father's contract, through your love passages, as you conceit and assurance terms them?"

"Madam," replied Varney, "it is in vain to plead the cause of human frailty before a judge to whom it is unknown, or that of love, to one who never yields to the passion"—He paused an instant, and then added, in a very low and timid tone, "which she inflicts upon all here."

Elizabeth tried to frown, but smiled in her own spite, as she answered, "Thou art a marry-man! what knave art thou married to the girl?"

painfully intense, that it seemed to him as if his life was to depend on the answer made by Varney, who, after a moment's real hesitation, answered, "Yes."

"Thou false villain!" said Leicester, bursting forth into rage, yet unable to add another word to the sentence, which he had begun with such emphatic passion.

"Nay, my lord," said the Queen, "we will, by your leave, stand between this fellow and your anger. We have not yet done with him.—Knew your master, my Lord of Leicester, of this fair work of yours? Speak truth, I command thee, and I will be thy warrant from danger on every quarter."

"Gracious madam," said Varney, "to speak Heaven's truth, my lord was the cause of the whole matter."

"Thou villain, wouldst thou betray me?" said Leicester.

"Speak on," said the Queen, hastily, her cheek colouring, and her eyes sparkling, as she addressed Varney; "speak on—here no commands are heard but mine."

"They are omnipotent, gracious madam," replied Varney; "and to you there can be no secrets.—Yet I would not," he added, looking around him, "speak of my master's concerns to other ears."

"Fall back, my lords," said the Queen to those who surrounded her, "and do you speak on.—What hath the Earl to do with this guilty intrigue of thine!—See, fellow, that thou believst him not!"

"Far be it from me to traduce my noble patron," replied Varney; "yet I am compelled to own that some so deep, overwhelming, yet secret feeling, hath of late dwelt in my lord's mind, hath abstracted him from the cares of the household, which he was wont to govern with

advancement or his fall, forgot all that lo-
 viously dictated, and saw nothing for the-
 the favour or disgrace, which depended on
 Elizabeth and the fidelity of Varney. He
 himself hastily, and prepared to play his part
 scene which was like to ensue, when, as he just
 the glances which the Queen threw toward
 Varney's communications, he they what they might
 operating in his favour. Elizabeth did not lose
 him in doubt; for the more than favour with which
 accosted him decided his triumph in the eyes of her
 and of the assembled court of England.—“The
 a prating servant of this same Varney, my lord
 said; “it is lucky you trust him with nothing that
 hurt you in our opinion, for, believe me, he would
 no counsel.”

“From your Highness,” said Leicester, dropping
 gracefully on one knee, “it were treason he should
 would that my heart itself lay before you, barer than
 so tongue of any servant could strip it.”

“What, my lord,” said Elizabeth, looking kindly up
 him, “is there no one little corner over which you would
 wish to spread a veil? Ah! I see you are confused at
 the question, and your Queen knows she should not look
 too deeply into her servants’ motives for their faithful
 duty, lest she see what might, or at least ought to,
 displease her.”

Relieved by these last words, Leicester broke out into
 torrent of expressions of deep and passionate attach-
 ent, which perhaps, at that moment, were not
 together fictitious. The mingled emotions which had
 first overcome him had now given place to a
 gour wish which

the Queen's favour ; and never did he seem to Elizabeth more eloquent, more handsome, more interesting, in whole, kneeling at her feet, he conjured her to strip him of all his dower, but to leave him the name of her vassal.—“ Take from the poor Dudley,” he exclaimed, “ that your bounty has made him, and bid him be the gentleman he was when your Grace first shone on him ; leave him no more than his cloak and his sword, let him still boast he has—what in word or deed he ever forfeited—the regard of his adored Queen and mistress ! ”

No, Dudley ! ” said Elizabeth, raising him with one hand, while she extended the other that he might kiss it ; Elizabeth hath not forgotten that, whilst you were a gentleman, despoiled of your hereditary rank, she was as poor a princess, and that in her cause you then endured all that oppression had left you—your life and honour.—Rise, my lord, and let my hand go !—rise, and be what you have ever been, the grace of our court, and the support of our throne. Your mistress may be forced to excuse your misdeemeanours, but never without our consent.—And so help me God,” she added, turning to the audience, who, with various feelings, witnessed this interesting scene,—“ So help me God, my friends, as I think never sovereign had a truer friend than I have in this noble Earl ! ”

A murmur of assent rose from the *Leicestrian* faction, the friends of Sussex dared not oppose. They stood with their eyes fixed on the ground, dismayed and mortified by the public and absolute triumph of their opponents. Leicester's first use of the familiarity which the Queen had so publicly restored him, was to ask her commands concerning Varney's offence.

"Although," he said, "the fellow deserves nothing from me but displeasure, yet, might I presume to intercede"—

"In truth, we had forgotten his matter," said the Queen: "and it was ill done of us, who owe justice to our meanest, as well as to our highest subject. We are pleased, my lord, that you were the first to recall the matter to our memory.—Where is Tressilian, the accuser?—let him come before us."

10 Tressilian appeared, and made a low and becoming reverence. His person, as we have elsewhere observed, had an air of grace and even of nobleness, which did not escape Queen Elizabeth's critical observation. She looked at him with attention as he stood before her unabashed, but with an air of the deepest dejection.

"I cannot but grieve for this gentleman," she said to Leicester. "I have enquired concerning him, and his presence confirms what I heard, that he is a scholar and a soldier, well accomplished both in arts and arms. We 20 women, my lord, are fainful in our choice—I had said now, to judge by the eye, there was no comparison to be held betwixt your follower and this gentleman. But Varney is a well-spoken fellow, and, to speak truth, that goes far with us of the weaker sex.—Look you, Master Tressilian, a bolt hat is not a law broken. Your true affection, as I well hold it to be, hath been, it seems, but ill requited. Forget, good sir, this Lady Light of Love—teach your affection to see with a wiser eye."

As Tressilian kept the posture of one who would 25 willingly be heard, though, at the same time, expressive of the deepest reverence, the Queen added with a supercilious—"What would the man have? The world cannot well look of you?—she has made her election—

not a wise one perchance—but she is Varney's wedded wife."

"My suit should sleep there, most gracious Sovereign," said Tressahan, "and with my suit my revenge. But I hold this Varney's word no good warrant for the truth."

"Had that doubt been elsewhere urged," answered Varney, "my sword"—

"*Thy sword!*" interrupted Tressilian, scornfully, "with her Grace's leave, my sword shall show"— 10

"Peace, you knaves, both!" said the Queen, "know you where you are!—This comes of your feuds, my lords," she added, looking towards Leicester and Sussex; "your followers catch your own humour, and must bandy and brawl in my court, and in my very presence, like so many Matamoras.—Look you, sirs, he that speaks of drawing swords in any other quarrel than mine or England's, by mine honour, I'll bracelet him with iron both on wrist and ankle!" She then paused a minute, and resumed in a milder tone, "I must do justice betwixt so the bold and riotous knaves notwithstanding.—My Lord of Leicester, will you warrant with your honour,—that is, to the best of your belief,—that your servant speaks truth in saying he hath married this Amy Robsart."

This was a home-thrust, and had nearly staggered Leicester. But he had now gone too far to recede, and answered, after a moment's hesitation, "To the best of my belief—indeed on my certain knowledge—she is a wedded wife." 20

"Gracious madam," said Tressilian, "may I yet request to know, when and under what circumstances this alleged marriage"—

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"Out, sirrah," answered the Queen; marriage!—Have you not the word of this Earl to warrant the truth of what his servant thou art a loser—think'st thyself such a matter ourself more at leisure.—My Lord of Leicester you remember we mean to taste the good trust you remember on this week ensuing—your Castle of Kenilworth and valued friend the—pray you to bid our good and valued friend the—
 10 Sussex to hold company with us there."

"If the noble Earl of Sussex," said Leicester, to his rival with the easiest and with the most grace and courtesy, "will so far honour my poor house, I hold it an additional proof of the amicable regard is your Grace's desire we should entertain towards each other."

Sussex was more embarrassed.—"I should," said madam, be but a clog on your gayer hours, since a late severe illness."

20 "And have you been indeed so very ill?" said Elizabeth, looking on him with more attention than before; "you are in faith strangely altered, and deeply am I grieved to see it. But be of good cheer—we will ourselves look after the health of so valued a servant, and to whom we owe so much. Masters shall order your diet; and that we ourselves may see that he is obeyed, you must attend us in this progress to Kenilworth. My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, we have a word more with you. Tressilian and Varney are near your persons—
 30 —you will see that they attend you at Kenilworth.—And as we shall then have both Paris and Menelaus within our call, so we will have the same fair Helen also whose fickleness has caused this war."

must be at Kenilworth, and forthcoming at my order.—
My Lord of Leicester, we expect you will look to this."

CHAPTER X.

DURING the brief interval that took place betwixt the dismissal of the audience and the sitting of the privy-council, Leicester had time to reflect that he had that morning sealed his own fate. "It was impossible for him now," he thought, "after having, in the face of all that was honourable in England, pledged his truth (though in an ambiguous phrase) for the statement of Varney, to contradict or disavow it, without exposing himself not merely to the loss of court-favour, but to the highest displeasure of the Queen, his deceived mistress, and to the scorn and contempt at once of his rival and of all his compeers."

Never was more anxious and ready way made for 'my Lord of Leicester,' than as he passed through the crowded anterooms to go towards the river-side, in order to attend her Majesty to her barge—never was the voice of the ushers louder, to "make room—make room for the noble Earl,"—never were these signals more promptly and reverently obeyed.

On the other hand, never did Leicester return the general greeting with such ready and condescending courtesy, or endeavour more successfully to gather golden opinions from all sorts of men."

The Queen's barge was on the very point of putting off; the seat allotted to Leicester in the stern, and that of his master of the horse on the bow of the boat, being ready filled up. But on Leicester's approach, there

When the boat put off from the shore—when the music sounded from a barge which accompanied them—when the shouts of the populace were heard from the shore, and all reminded Leicester of the situation in which he was placed, he abstracted his thoughts and feelings by a strong effort from every thing but the necessity of maintaining himself in the favour of his patroness, and exerted his talents of pleasing captivation with such success, that the Queen, alternately delighted with his conversation, and alarmed for his health, at length imposed a temporary silence on him, with playful yet anxious care, lest his flow of spirits should exhaust him.

"My lords," she said, "having passed for a time our edict of silence upon our good Leicester, we will call you to counsel on a gamesome matter, more fitted to be now treated of, amidst mirth and munc, than in the gravity of our ordinary deliberations—Which of you my lords," said she, smiling, "know aught of a petition from Orson Pinnit, the keeper, as he qualifies himself, of our royal rovers? Who stands godfather to his request?"

"Marry, with your Grace's good permission, that do I," said the Earl of Sussex—"Orson Pinnit was a stout soldier before he was so mangled by the strokes of the rash clan MacDonough, and I trust your Grace will be, as you always have been, good mistress to your good and trusty servants."

"Surely," said the Queen, "it is our purpose to be so, and in especial to our poor soldiers and sailors, who hazard their lives for little pay. We would give," she said, with her eyes sparkling, "your royal palace of old to be an hospital for their use, rather than they should call their mistress ungrateful—But this is not

the question," she said, her voice, which was awakened by her patriotic feelings, once more to the tone of gay and easy conversation. "To the tone of gay and easy conversation," said Pannet's request goes something to the effect, that amidst the extreme delight which we have in the play-houses, and in especial desire for seeing the exhibitions of one Will & (whom, I think, my lords, we have all heard of,) the roanly amusement of bear-baiting is to comparative neglect; since men will rather see these roguish players kill each other in jest than see our royal dogs and bears worry each other in earnest — What say you to this, my Lord of Sussex?"

"Why, truly, gracious madam," said Sussex, "must expect little from an old soldier like me in of battles in sport, when they are compared with in earnest; and yet, by my faith, I wish Will Shak no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and a falcion, though, as I am told, a halting fellow; as stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot, when he broke his park and killed his keeper's daughter."

"I cry you mercy, my Lord of Sussex," said Queen Elizabeth, interrupting him. "that matter was little in council, and we will not have this fellow's often exaggerated — there was no killing in the matter, as the defendant hath put the denial on record — But what say you to his present practice, my lord, on the stage?"

"Why, truly, madam," replied Sussex, "as I said before, I wish the gamester mad fellow no injury. Some of his poetry has rung in mine ears as if the lines were to lead and saddle — But then, my lords, I am a soldier — I am a soldier."

has already well touched.—What are half a dozen knaves, with rusty foils and tattered targets, making but a mere mockery of a stout fight, to compare to the royal game of bear-baiting, which hath been graced by your Highness's countenance, and that of your royal predecessors in this your princely kingdom, famous for matchless mastiffs, and bold bearwands, over all Christendom? Greatly is it to be doubted that the race of both will decay, if men should throng to hear the lungs of an idle player belch forth nonsensical bombast, instead of bestowing their pence in encouraging the bravest image of war that can be shown in peace, and that is the sports of the Bear-garden. There you may see the bear lying at guard with his red punky eyes, watching the onset of the mastiff, like a wily captain, who maintains his defence that an avadant may be tempted to venture within his danger. And then comes Sir Mastiff, like a worthy champion, in full career at the throat of his adversary—and then shall Sir Drum teach him the reward for those who, in their over-courage, neglect the policies of war, and, catching him in his arms, strain him to his breast like a lusty wrestler, until rib after rib crack like the shot of a pistolet. And then another mastiff, as bold, but with better aim and sounder judgment, catches Sir Drum by the nether hp, and hangs fast, while he tomes about his blood and slaver, and tries in vain to shake Sir Talbot from his hold. And then—

"Nay, by my honour, my lord," said the Queen, laughing, "you have described the whole so admirably, that, had we never seen a bear-baiting, as we have beheld many, and hope, with heaven's allowance, to see many more, your words were sufficient to put the whole

shines to more advantage than when united to true taste and love of letters. But surely there are others among our young courtiers who can remember your lordship has forgotten amid weightier Master Tressilian, you are described to me as the shipper of Minerva—remember you ought lines ! ”

Tressilian's heart was too heavy, his prospect too fatally blighted, to profit by the opportunity the Queen thus offered to him of attracting her attention; but he determined to transfer the advantage to his ambitious young friend; and, excusing himself on score of want of recollection, he added, that he had the beautiful verses, of which my Lord of Leicester had spoken, were in the remembrance of Master Tressilian.

At the command of the Queen, that cavalier repeated with accent and manner which even added to the exquisite delicacy of tact and beauty of description, the celebrated vision of Oberon :

“That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.”

30

The voice of Raleigh, as he repeated the last lines, became a little tremulous, as if diffident how the Sovereign to whom the homage was addressed might receive it, exquisite as it was.

affected, it was good policy ; but if real, there was little occasion for it. The verses were not probably new to the Queen, for when was ever such elegant flattery long in reaching the royal ear to which it was addressed ? But they were not the less welcome when repeated by such a speaker as Raleigh. Able delighted with the matter, the manner, the graceful form and animated countenance of the gallant young reciter, Elizabeth kept time to every cadence, with look and with finger. When the speaker had ceased, she murmured over the last lines so if scarce conscious that she was overheard, and as she uttered the words,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

he dropt into the Thames the supplication of Orson Munnit, keeper of the royal bears, to find more favourable acceptance at Sheerness, or wherever the tide might wait.

Leicester was spurred to emulation by the success of the young courtier's exhibition, as the veteran racer is moved when a high-mettled colt passes him on the way. He turned the discourse on shows, banquets, pageants, and on the character of those by whom these gay scenes were then frequented. He mixed acute observation with light satire, in that just proportion which was free from malignant slander and insipid praise. He nicked with ready accent the manners of the affected and the clownish, and made his own graceful tone and manner seem doubly such when he resumed it. Foreign countries—their customs—their manners—the rules of their courts—the fashions, and even the dress of their women, were equally his theme ; and seldom did he conclude without conveying some compliment, always

couched in delicacy, and expressed with propriety, to the Virgin Queen, her court and her government.

When they returned to the palace, Elizabeth accepted or rather selected, the arm of Leicester, to support her, from the stairs where they landed, to the great gate. It even seemed to him, (though that might arise from the flattery of his own imagination,) that during this short passage she leaned on him somewhat more than the slipperiness of the way necessarily demanded. Certainly her actions and words combined to express a degree of favour, which, even in his proudest days, he had not till then attained.

He enjoyed his triumph as one to whom court favour had been both the primary and the ultimate motive of life, while he forgot, in the intoxication of the moment, the perplexities and dangers of his own situation. Indeed, strange as it may appear, he thought less at that moment of the perils arising from his secret union, than of the marks of grace which Elizabeth from time to time showed to young Raleigh. They were indeed transient, but they were conferred on one accomplished in mind and body, with grace, gallantry, literature, and valour. An accident occurred in the course of the evening which riveted Leicester's attention to this object.

The nobles and courtiers who had attended the Queen on her pleasure expedition, were invited, with royal hospitality, to a splendid banquet in the hall of the palace. After a moderate interval, the court again met in the splendid gardens of the palace; and it was thus engaged, that the Queen suddenly asked a
 was near to her both in place and favour, what
 of the young Squire Lack-Cloak.

The Lady Paget answered, "she had seen Master Raleigh but two or three minutes since, standing at the window of a small pavilion or pleasure house, which looked out on the Thames, and writing on the glass with diamond ring."

"That ring," said the Queen, "was a small token I gave him, to make amends for his spoiled mantle. Come, Paget, let us see what use he has made of it."

They went to the spot, within sight of which, but at some distance, the young cavalier still lingered, as the ruler watches the net which he has set. The Queen approached the window, on which Raleigh had used her gift to inscribe the following line.—

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

The Queen smiled, read it twice over, once with liberation to Lady Paget, and once again to herself. "It is a pretty beginning," said she, after the consideration of a moment or two; "but methinks the muse hath deserted the young wit, at the very outset of his task. It were good-natured—were it not, Lady Paget—to complete it for him? Try your rhyming talents."

Lady Paget, prosaic from her cradle upwards, as ever lady of the bedchamber before or after her, disclaimed the possibility of assisting the young poet.

"Nay, then, we must sacrifice to the Muses ourselves," said Elizabeth.

The incense of no one can be more acceptable," said Lady Paget; "and your Highness will impose such expectations on the ladies of Parnassus"—
"Hush, Paget," said the Queen, "you speak sacrilege against the immortal Nine—yet, virgins themselves,

they should be exorable to a Virgin Queen—and therefore—let me see how runs his verse—

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

Might not the answer (for fault of a better) run thus !—

If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.*

The dame of honour uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise at so happy a termination ; and certainly a worse has been applauded, even when coming from a less distinguished author.

- 10 The Queen, thus encouraged, took off a diamond ring, and saying, " We will give this gallant some cause of marvel, when he finds his couplet perfected without his own interference," she wrote her own line beneath that of Raleigh.

- The Queen left the pavilion—but retiring slowly, and often looking back, she could see the young cavalier steal, with the flight of a lapwing, towards the place where he had seen her make a pause ;—" She staid but to observe," as she said, " that her train had taken ;" 20 and then, laughing at the circumstance with the Lady Paget, she took the way slowly towards the palace. Elizabeth, as they returned, cautioned her companion not to mention to any one the aid which she had given to the young poet—and Lady Paget promised scrupulous secrecy. It is to be supposed that she made a mental reservation in favour of Leicester, to whom her ladyship transmitted without delay an anecdote so little calculated to give him pleasure.

- Raleigh, in the meanwhile, stole back to the window, 30 and read, with a feeling of intoxication, the encouragement thus given him by the Queen in person to follow out his ambitious career, and returned to Essex and his

retinue, then on the point of embarking to go up the river, his heart beating high with gratified pride, and with hope of future distinction.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the twilight of a summer night, (9th July, 1575,) the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated, had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far heard over wood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the muted voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath. This was followed by a shout of applause from the multitude, so tremendously vociferous, that

the country echoed for miles round. The thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, so but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery tower. The word was passed along, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxes, torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their

cence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not 10 a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode, for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than 20 Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, 30 and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the

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occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants that he was unusually pale, and they expressed their fear that he was taking more than consisted with his health.

Varney followed close behind his master's principal equite in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's black velvet bonnet, garnished with diamonds, and surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye constantly on his master, and, for the first time, the one who was so unacquainted, was, with which the reader is not unacquainted, was, Leicester's numerous dependants, the one who was anxious that his lord's strength and resolution should carry him successfully through a day so agitating. although Varney was one of the few—the very moral monsters, who contrive to lull to sleep the recollections of their own horrors, and are drugged into moral insensibility by atheism, as men in extreme agony are lulled by opium, yet he knew that in the breast of his patron there was already awakened the fire that is never quenched, and that his lord felt, amid all the pomp and magnificence we have described, the gnawing of the worm that dieth not. Still, however, assured as Lord Leicester stood, by Varney's own intelligence, that his Countess laboured under an indisposition which formed an unanswerable apology to the Queen for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wily retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness.

Amidst hursts of music, which, as if the work of 30 enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains were heard.

crossed the Gallery-tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower.

The Queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided ; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities 10 of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-coloured silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair, she 20 wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed, that this Lady of the Floating Island, having performed her voyage with much picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-penned speech, announced herself as that famous 30 Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful

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both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merb. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the Castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

CHAPTER XII.

It is by no means our purpose to detail minutely all the princely festivities of Kenilworth. It is sufficient to say, that under discharge of splendid fireworks, the Queen entered the base-court of Kenilworth, through Mortimer's Tower, and moving on through pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity, who offered gifts and compliments on the bended knee, at length found her way to the great hall of the Castle, gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silken tapestry, unity with perfumes, and sounding to strains of soft and delicious music. From the highly carved oaken roof hung a superb chandelier of gilt bronze, formed like a spread eagle, whose outstretched wings supported three male and three female figures, grasping a pair of branches in each hand. The hall was thus illuminated by twenty-

four torches of wax. At the upper end of the splendid apartment was a state canopy, overshadowing a royal throne, and beside it was a door, which opened to a long suite of apartments, decorated with the utmost magnificence for the Queen and her ladies, whenever it should be her pleasure to be private.

The Earl of Leicester having handed the Queen up to her throne, and seated her there, knelt down before her, and kissing the hand which she held out, with an air in which romantic and respectful gallantry was happily mingled with the air of loyal devotion, he thanked her, in terms of the deepest gratitude, for the highest honour which a sovereign could render to a subject. So handsome did he look when kneeling before her, that Elizabeth was tempted to prolong the scene a little longer than there was, strictly speaking, necessity for; and ere she raised him, she passed her hand over his head, so near, as almost to touch his long curled and perfumed hair, and with a movement of fondness, that seemed to intimate she would, if she dared, have made the motion to a slight caress.

She at length raised him, and, standing beside the throne, he explained to her the various preparations which had been made for her amusement and accommodation, all of which received her prompt and gracious approbation. The Earl then prayed her Majesty for permission, that he himself, and the nobles who had been in attendance upon her during the journey, might retire for a few minutes, and put themselves into a guise more fitting for dutiful attendance.

30

He presently re-entered the Castle-hall apparelled all in white, his shoes being of white velvet; his under-stocks (or stockings) of knit silk; his upper stocks of

white velvet, lined with cloth of silver, which was shown at the slashed part of the middle thigh ; his doublet of cloth of silver, the close jerkin of white velvet, embroidered with silver and seed-pearl, his girdle and the scabbard of his sword of white velvet with golden buckles ; his poniard and sword hilted and mounted with gold ; and over all, a rich loose robe of white satin, with a border of golden embroidery a foot in breadth. The collar of the Garter, and the azure Garter itself
10 around his knee, completed the appointments of the Earl of Leicester ; which were so well matched by his fair stature, graceful gesture, fine proportion of body, and handsome countenance, that at the moment he was admitted by all who saw him, as the goodliest person whom they had ever looked upon. Sussex and the other nobles were also richly attired, but, in point of splendour and gracefulness of mien, Leicester far exceeded them all.

Elizabeth received him with great complacency.
20 " We have one piece of royal justice," she said, " to attend to. It is a piece of justice, too, which interests us as a woman, as well as in the character of mother and guardian of the English people."

An involuntary shudder came over Leicester, as he bowed low, expressive of his readiness to receive her royal commands ; and a similar cold fit came over Varney, whose eyes (seldom during that evening removed from his patron) instantly perceived, from the change in his looks, slight as that was, of what the Queen was
30 speaking. But Leicester had wrought his resolution up to the point which, in his crooked policy, he judged necessary ; and when Elizabeth added—" It is of the matter of Varney and Tressilian we speak—is the lady

in presence, my lord?" His answer was ready:—"Gracious madam, she is not."

Elizabeth bent her brows and compressed her lips. "Our orders were strict and positive, my lord," was her answer—

"And should have been obeyed, good my liege," replied Leicester, "had they been expressed in the form of the lightest wish. But—Varney, step forward—this gentleman will inform your Grace of the cause why the lady" (he could not force his rebellious tongue to utter the words—*his wife*) "cannot attend on your royal presence."

Varney advanced, and pleaded with readiness, what indeed he firmly believed, the absolute incapacity of the party (for neither did he dare, in Leicester's presence, term her his wife) to wait on her Grace.

"Here," said he, "are attestations from a most learned physician, whose skill and honour are well known to my good Lord of Leicester; and from an honest and devout Protestant, a man of credit and substance, one Anthony Foster, the gentleman in whose house she is at present bestowed, that she now labours under an illness which altogether unfits her for such a journey as betwixt this Castle and the neighbourhood of Oxford."

"This alters the matter," said the Queen, taking the certificates in her hand, and glancing at their contents—"Let Tressilian come forward.—Master Tressilian, we have much sympathy for your situation, the rather that you seem to have set your heart deeply on this Amy de Robsart, or Varney. Our power, thanks to God, and the willing obedience of a loving people, is worth much, but there are some things which it cannot compass. We

cannot, for example, command the affections of a giddy young girl, or make her love sense and learning better than a courtier's fine doublet; and we cannot control sickness, with which it seems this lady is afflicted, who may not, by reason of such infirmity, attend our court here, as we had required her to do. Here are the testimonials of the physician who hath her under his charge, and the gentleman in whose house she resides, so setting forth."

10 "Under your Majesty's favour," said Tresilian hastily, and, in his alarm for the consequence of the imposition practised on the Queen, forgetting, in part at least, his own promise to Amy, "these certificates speak not the truth."

"How, sir?" said the Queen,—*"Impeach my Lord of Leicester's veracity! But you shall have a fair hearing. In our presence the meanest of our subjects shall be heard against the proudest, and the least known against the most favoured; therefore you shall be heard*
20 *fairly, but beware you speak not without a warrant! Take these certificates in your own hand; look at them carefully, and say manfully if you impugn the truth of them, and upon what evidence."*

As the Queen spoke, his promise and all its consequences rushed on the mind of the unfortunate Tresilian, and while it controlled his natural inclination to pronounce that a falsehood which he knew from the evidence of his senses to be untrue, gave an indelusion and irresolution to his appearance and utterance, which
30 *made strongly against him in the mind of Elizabeth, as well as of all who beheld him. He turned the papers over and over, as if he had been an idiot, incapable of comprehending their contents. The Queen's impatience*

began to become visible.—“ You are a scholar, sir,” she said, “ and of some note, as I have heard ; yet you seem wondrous slow in reading text hand.—How say you, are these certificates true or no ? ”

“ Madam,” said Tressahan, with obvious embarrassment and hesitation, anxious to avoid admitting evidence which he might afterwards have reason to confute, yet equally desirous to keep his word to Amy, and to give her, as he had promised, space to plead her own cause in her own way — “ Madam—Madam, your Grace calls 10 on me to admit evidence which ought to be proved valid by those who found their defence upon it.”

“ Why, Tressilian, thou art critical as well as poetical,” said the Queen, bending on him a brow of displeasure ; “ methinks these writings, being produced in the presence of the noble Earl to whom this Castle pertains, and his honour being appealed to as the guarantee of their authenticity, might be evidence enough for thee. But since thou lists to be so formal—Varney, or rather my Lord of Leicester, for the affair becomes yours,” (these 20 words, though spoken at random, thrilled through the Earl’s marrow and bones,) “ what evidence have you as touching these certificates ? ”

Varney hastened to reply, preventing Leicester,— “ So please your Majesty, my young Lord of Oxford, who is here in presence, knows Master Anthony Foster’s hand and his character.”

The Earl of Oxford, a young unthrift, whom Foster had more than once accommodated with loans on usurious interest, acknowledged, on this appeal, that he 30 knew him as a wealthy and independent franklin, supposed to be worth much money, and verified the certificate produced to be his handwriting.

"And who speaks to the Doctor's certificate?" said the Queen. "Alasco, methinks, is his name."

Masters, her Majesty's physician, (not the less willing that he remembered his repulse from Say's Court, as thought that his present testimony might gratify Leicester, and mortify the Earl of Sussex and his faction) acknowledged that he had more than once consulted with Doctor Alasco, and spoke of him as a man of extraordinary learning and hidden acquirements, though not altogether in the regular course of practice. The Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Leicester's brother-in-law and the old Countess of Rutland, next sang his praises and both remembered the thin beautiful Italian hand in which he was wont to write his receipts, and which corresponded to the certificate produced as his.

"And now, I trust, Master Tressilian, this matter is ended," said the Queen. "We will do something ere the night is older to reconcile old Sir Hugh Robsart to the match. You have done your duty something more than boldly; but we were no woman, had we not compassion for the wounds which true love deals; so we forgive your audacity, and your uncleansed boots withal, which have wellnigh overpowered my Lord of Leicester's perfumes."

So spoke Elizabeth, whose nicety of scent was one of the characteristics of her organization, as appeared long afterwards when she expelled Essex from her presence, on a charge against his boots similar to that which she now expressed against those of Tressilian.

But Tressilian had by this time collected himself, astonished as he had at first been by the audacity of the falsehood so feebly supported, and placed in array against the evidence of his own eyes. He rushed forward.

kneeled down, and caught the Queen by the skirt of her robe. "As you are Christian woman," he said, "madam, as you are crowned Queen, to do equal justice among your subjects—as you hope yourself to have fair hearing (which God grant you) at that last bar at which we must all plead, grant me one small request! Decide not this matter so hastily. Give me but twenty-four hours' interval, and I will, at the end of that brief space, produce evidence which will show to demonstration, that these certificates, which state this unhappy lady to be now 10 ill at ease in Oxfordshire, are false as hell!"

"Let go my train, sir!" said Elizabeth, who was startled at his vehemence, though she had too much of lion in her to fear; "the fellow must be distraught—that witty knave, my godson Harrington, must have him into his rhymes of Orlando Furioso!—And yet, by this light, there is something strange in the vehemence of his demand.—Speak, Tressilian; what wilt thou do if, at the end of these four-and-twenty hours, thou canst not confute a fact so solemnly proved as this lady's illness?" 20

"I will lay down my head on the block," answered Tressilian.

"Pahaw!" replied the Queen. "God's light! thou speak'st like a fool. What head falls in England but by just sentence of English law?—I ask thee, man—if thou hast sense to understand me—wilt thou, if thou shalt fail in this improbable attempt of thine, render me a good and sufficient reason why thou dost undertake it?"

Tressilian paused, and again hesitated; because he 30 felt convinced, that if, within the interval demanded, Amy should become reconciled to her husband, he would in that case do her the worst of offices by again ripping

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up the whole circumstances before Elizabeth, ing how that wise and jealous princess had been upon by false testimonials? The consciousness dilemma renewed his extreme embarrassment voice, and manner; he hesitated, looked down the Queen repeating her question with a stern & flashing eye, he admitted with faltering words, it might be—he could not positively—that is, in events—explain the reasons and grounds on which he acted."

"Now, by the soul of King Henry," said the Queen, "this is either moonstruck madness, or very knavery—Seest thou, Raleigh, thy friend is far too Pindar in this presence. Have him away, and make us quit him, or it shall be the worse for him; for his flight is too unbridled for any place but Parnassus, or St. Luke's Hospital. But come back instantly thyself, when he is placed under fitting restraint.—We wish we had seen the beauty which could make such havoc in a wise man's brain."

Tressilian was again endeavouring to address the Queen, when Raleigh, in obedience to the orders he had received, interfered, and, with Blount's assistance, half led, half forced him out of the presence-chamber, where he himself indeed began to think his appearance did but cause more harm than good.

When they had attained the antechamber, Raleigh entreated Blount to see Tressilian safely conducted into the apartments allotted to the Earl of Sussex's followers, and, if necessary, recommended that a guard should be mounted on him.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It is a melancholy matter," said the Queen, when Tressilian was withdrawn, "to see a wise and learned man's wit thus pitifully unsettled. Yet this public display of his imperfection of brain plainly shows us that his supposed injury and accusation were fruitless; and therefore, my Lord of Leicester, we remember your suit formerly made to us in behalf of your faithful servant Varney, whose good gifts and fidelity, as they are useful to you, ought to have due reward from us, knowing well that your lordship, and all you have, are so earnestly 10 devoted to our service. And we render Varney the honour more especially, that we are a guest, and we fear a chargeable and troublesome one, under your lordship's roof; and also for the satisfaction of the good old Knight of Devon, Sir Hugh Robsart, whose daughter he hath married; and we trust the especial mark of grace which we are about to confer, may reconcile him to his son-in-law.—Your sword, my Lord of Leicester."

The Earl unbuckled his sword, and, taking it by the point, presented on bended knee the hilt to Elizabeth. 20

She took it slowly, drew it from the scabbard, and while the ladies who stood around turned away their eyes with real or affected shuddering, she noted with a curious eye the high polish and rich damasked ornaments upon the glittering blade.

"Had I been a man," she said, "methinks none of my ancestors would have loved a good sword better. As it is with me, I like to look on one, and could, like the Fairy, of whom I have read in some Italian rhymes—were my godson Harrington here, he could tell me the 30

passage—even trim my hair, and arrange in such a steel mirror as this is.—Richard V forth, and kneel down. In the name of God George, we dub thee knight! Be Faithful, Fortunate.—Arise, Sir Richard Varney.”

Varney arose and retired, making a deep bow to the Sovereign who had done him so much honor.

It is unnecessary to say any thing farther of the festivities of the evening, which were so brilliant to themselves, and received with such obvious satisfaction by the Queen, that Leicester retired to his own apartment, with all the giddy raptures of success and ambition. Varney, who had changed his splendid dress and now waited on his patron in a very modest and undress, attended to do the honours of the Earl’s chamber.

“How! Sir Richard,” said Leicester, smiling, “a new rank scarce suits the humility of this attendant.”

“I would disown that rank, my lord,” said Varney. “could I think it was to remove me to a distance from your lordship’s person.”

“Thou art a grateful fellow,” said Leicester; “but must not allow you to do what would abate you in the opinion of others.”

While thus speaking, he still accepted, without hesitation, the offices about his person, which the new-made knight seemed to render as eagerly as if he had really felt, in discharging the task, that pleasure which his words expressed.

“I am not afraid of men’s misconstruction,” he said, in answer to Leicester’s remark, “since there is not—(permit me to undo the collar)—a man within the Castle, who does not expect very soon—”

rendering the duties of the bedchamber to you, and accounting it an honour."

"It might, indeed, so have been"—said the Earl, with an involuntary sigh; and then presently added, "My gown, Varney—I will look out on the night. Is not the moon near to the full?"

"I think so, my lord, according to the calendar," answered Varney.

There was an abutting window, which opened on a small projecting balcony of stone, battlemented as is 10 usual in Gothic castles. The Earl undid the lattice, and stepped out into the open air. The station he had chosen commanded an extensive view of the lake, and woodlands beyond, where the bright moonlight rested on the clear blue waters, and the distant masses of oak and elm trees. The moon rode high in the heavens, attended by thousands and thousands of inferior luminaries. All seemed already to be hushed in the nether world, excepting occasionally the voice of the watch, (for the yeomen of the guard performed that duty 20 wherever the Queen was present in person,) and the distant baying of the hounds, disturbed by the preparations amongst the grooms and prickers for a magnificent hunt, which was to be the amusement of the next day.

Leicester looked out on the blue arch of heaven, with gestures and a countenance expressive of anxious exultation, while Varney, who remained within the darkened apartment, could, (himself unnoticed,) with a secret satisfaction, see his patron stretch his hands with earnest gesticulation towards the heavenly bodies. 30-

"Ye distant orbs of living fire," so ran the muttered invocation of the ambitious Earl, "ye are silent while you wheel your mystic rounds, but Wisdom has given to

you a voice. Tell me, then, to what end is my high course destined ! Shall the greatness to which I have aspired be bright, pre-eminent, and stable as your own ; or am I but doomed to draw a brief and glittering train along the nightly darkness, and then to sink down to earth, like the base refuse of those artificial fires with which men emulate your rays ? ”

He looked on the heavens in profound silence for a minute or two longer, and then again stepped into the
10 apartment, where Varney seemed to have been engaged in putting the Earl's jewels into a casket.

“ What said Alasco of my horoscope ? ” demanded Leicester. “ You already told me, but it has escaped me, for I think but lightly of that art.”

“ Many learned and great men have thought otherwise,” said Varney ; “ and, not to flatter your lordship, my own opinion leans that way.”

“ Ay, Saul among the prophets ! ” said Leicester—
“ I thought thou wert sceptical in all such matters as
20 thou couldst neither see, hear, smell, taste, or touch, and that thy belief was limited by thy senses.”

“ Perhaps, my lord,” said Varney, “ I may be misled on the present occasion, by my wish to find the predictions of astrology true. Alasco says, that your favourite planet is culminating, and that the adverse influence— he would not use a plainer term—though not overcome was evidently combust, I think he said, or retrograde.”

“ It is even so,” said Leicester, looking at an abstract
of astrological calculations which he had in his hand
30 “ the stronger influence will prevail, and, as I think, the evil hour pass away.—Lend me your hand, Sir Richard, to doff my gown—and remain an instant, if it be not too burdensome to your knighthood, while I compose

myself to sleep. I believe the bustle of this day has fevered my blood, for it streams through my veins like a current of molten lead—remain an instant, I pray you—I would fain feel my eyes heavy ere I closed them."

Varney officiously assisted his lord to bed, and placed a massive silver night-lamp, with a short sword, on a marble table which stood close by the head of the couch. Either in order to avoid the light of the lamp, or to hide his countenance from Varney, Leicester drew the curtain, heavy with entwined silk and gold, so as completely to 10 shade his face. Varney took a seat near the bed, but with his back towards his master, as if to intimate that he was not watching him, and quietly waited till Leicester himself led the way to the topic by which his mind was engrossed.

"And so, Varney," said the Earl, after waiting in vain till his dependant should commence the conversation, "men talk of the Queen's favour towards me?"

"Ay, my good lord," said Varney, "of what can they else, since it is so strongly manifested?" 20

"*She is indeed my good and gracious mistress,*" said Leicester, after another pause; "but it is written, 'Put not thy trust in Princes.'"

"A good sentence and a true," said Varney, "unless you can unite their interest with yours so absolutely, that they must needs sit on your wrist like hooded hawks."

"I know what thou meanest," said Leicester, impatiently, "though thou art to-night so prudentially careful of what thou sayest to me—Thou wouldst 20 intimate, I might marry the Queen if I would?"

"It is your speech, my lord, not mine," answered Varney; "but whose soever be the speech, it is the

thought of ninety-nine out of an hundred men throughout broad England."

"Ay, hut," said Leicester, turning himself in his bed, "the hundredth man knows better. Thou, for example, knowest the obstacle that cannot be overleaped."

"It must, my lord, if the stars speak true," said Varney, composedly.

"What! talk'st thou of them," said Leicester, "that believest not in them or in aught else?"

10 "You mistake, my lord, under your gracious pardon," said Varney: "I believe in many things that predict the future. I believe, if showers fall in April, that we shall have flowers in May; that if the sun shines, grain will ripen; and I believe in much natural philosophy to the same effect, which, if the stars swear to me, I will say the stars speak the truth. And in like manner, I will not disbelieve that which I see wished for and expected on earth, solely because the astrologers have read it in the heavens."

20 "Thou art right," said Leicester, again tossing himself on his couch.—"Earth does wish for it. I have had advices from the reformed churches of Germany—from the Low Countries—from Switzerland, urging this as a point on which Europe's safety depends. France will not oppose it.—The ruling party in Scotland look to it as their best security.—Spain fears it, but cannot prevent it—and yet thou knowest it is impossible."

"I know not that, my lord," said Varney, "the Countess is indisposed."

30 "Villain!" said Leicester, starting up on his couch, and seizing the sword which lay on the table beside him. "go thy thoughts that way!—thou would'st not do murder!"

"For whom, or what, do you hold me, my lord?" said Varney, assuming the superiority of an innocent man subjected to unjust suspicion. "I said nothing to deserve such a horrid imputation as your violence infers. I said but that the Countess was ill. And Countess though she be—lovely and beloved as she is, surely your lordship must hold her to be mortal? She may die, and your lordship's hand become once more your own."

"Away! away!" said Leicester, "let me have no more of this."

10

"Good night, my lord," said Varney, seeming to understand this as a command to depart, but Leicester's voice interrupted his purpose.

"Thou 'scapest me not thus, Sir Fool," said he; "I think thy knighthood has addled thy brains—Confess thou hast talked of impossibilities, as of things which may come to pass."

"My lord, long live your fair Countess," said Varney; "but neither your love nor my good wishes can make her immortal. But God grant she live long to be happy on herself, and to render you so! I see not but you may be King of England notwithstanding."

"Nay, now, Varney, thou art stark mad," said Leicester.

"I would I were myself within the same nearness to a good estate of freehold," said Varney. "Have we not known in other countries, how a left-handed marriage might subsist betwixt persons of differing degree?—ay, and be no hindrance to prevent the husband from conjoining himself afterwards with a more suitable partner?"

30

"I have heard of such things in Germany," said Leicester.

did expect him ; and, while she tried to argue herself into a contrary belief, each hasty noise, of the hundred which she heard, sounded like the hurried step of Leicester on the staircase, hasting to fold her in his arms.

The fatigue of body which Amy had lately undergone, with the agitation of mind natural to so cruel a state of uncertainty, began by degrees strongly to affect her nerves, and she almost feared her total inability to maintain the necessary self-command through the scenes which might be before her. But, although 10 spoiled by an over-indulgent system of education, Amy had naturally a mind of great power, united with a frame which her share in her father's woodland exercises had rendered uncommonly healthy. She summoned to her aid such mental and bodily resources ; and not unconscious how much the issue of her fate might depend on her own self-possession, she prayed internally for strength of body and for mental fortitude, and resolved, at the same time, to yield to no nervous impulse which might weaken either. 20

Yet when the great bell of the Castle began to send its pealing clamour abroad, in signal of the arrival of the royal procession, the din was so painfully acute to ears rendered nervously sensitive by anxiety, that she could hardly forbear shrieking with anguish, in answer to every stunning clash of the relentless peal.

Shortly afterwards, when the small apartment was at once enlightened by the shower of artificial fires with which the air was suddenly filled, and which crossed each other like fiery spirits, the Countess felt at first as if each rocket shot close by her eyes. But she struggled against these fantastic terrors, and compelled herself to arise, stand by the window, look out, and gaze upon a

on this occasion, instead of a whistle, she heard the peculiar blast of a bugle-horn, such as her father used to wind on the fall of the stag, and which huntsmen then called a *mort*.

The Countess awoke to hear a real bugle-note, or rather the combined breath of many bugles, sounding not the *mort*, but the jolly *reveille*, to remind the inmates of the Castle of Kenilworth that the pleasures of the day were to commence with a magnificent stag-hunting in the neighbouring Chase. Amy started up from her couch, listened to the sound, saw the first beams of the summer morning already twinkle through the lattice of her window, and recollected, with feelings of giddy agony, where she was, and how circumstanced.

"He thinks not of me," she said—"he will not come nigh me! A Queen is his guest, and what cares he in what corner of his huge Castle a wretch like me pines in doubt, which is fast fading into despair?" At once a sound at the door, as of some one attempting to open it softly, filled her with an ineffable mixture of joy and fear; and, hastening to remove the obstacle she had placed against the door, and to unlock it, she had the precaution to ask, "Is it thou, my love?"

"Yes, my Countess," murmured a whisper in reply.

She threw open the door, and exclaiming, "Leicester!" flung her arms around the neck of the man who stood without, muffled in his cloak.

"No—not quite Leicester," answered Michael Lambourne, for he it was, returning the caress with vehemence,—“not quite Leicester, my lovely and most loving Duchess, but as good a man.”

With an exertion of force, of which she would at another time have thought herself incapable, the

"I'll make a blood-pudding of thy midriff first," answered Lambourne, laying his left hand on his dagger, but still detaining the Countess by the arm with his right.—"So have at thee, thou old ostrich, whose only living is upon a bunch of iron keys!"

Lawrence raised the arm of Michael, and prevented him from drawing his dagger; and as Lambourne struggled and strove to shake him off, the Countess made a sudden exertion on her side, and slipping her hand out of her glove on which the ruffian still kept hold, she gained her liberty, and escaping from the apartment, ran down stairs; while, at the same moment, she heard the two combatants fall on the floor with a noise which increased her terror. The outer wicket offered no impediment to her flight, having been opened for Lambourne's admittance; so that she succeeded in escaping down the stair, and fled into the Pleasance, which seemed to her hasty glance the direction in which she was most likely to avoid pursuit.

The retreat which she had chosen gave her the easy alternative of avoiding observation. It was but stepping back to the farthest recess of a grotto, ornamented with rustic work and moss seats, and terminated by a fountain, and she might easily remain concealed, or at her pleasure discover herself to any solitary wanderer, whose curiosity might lead him to that romantic retirement. Anticipating such an opportunity, she looked into the clear basin, which the silent fountain held up to her like a mirror, and felt shocked at her own appearance, and doubtful at the same time, muffled and disfigured as her disguise made her seem to herself, whether any female (and it was from the compassion of her own sex that she chiefly expected sympathy) would engage in

conference with so suspicious an object thus like a woman, to whom external scarcely in any circumstances a matter of and like a beauty, who had some confidence of her own charms, she laid aside her tr and capotaine hat, and placed them beside she could assume them in an instant, and penetrate from the entrance of the great extremity, in case the intrusion of Varney to bourne should render such disguise necessary which she wore under these vestments what of a theatrical cast, so as to suit the personage of one of the females who was to pageant. Wayland had found the means of it thus upon the second day of their journey experienced the service arising from the assumption such a character on the preceding day. The fact acting both as a mirror and ewer, afforded Ar means of a brief toilette, of which she availed herself 20 hastily as possible: then took in her hand her casket of jewels, in case she might find them intercessors, and retiring to the darkest and sequestered nook, sat down on a seat of moss, awaited till fate should give her some chance of resort or of propitiating an intercessor.

CHAPTER XV.

hanced upon that

Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honoured, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber, ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations of the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support to which she required, where flights of steps, then a favourite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who was not only her host, but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favoured servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits, almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric,

which sustained a hugh-horn, and a wood-k
of a sword, became its master, as did his othe
of court or of war. For such were the perfec
form and mien, that Leicester was always st
he seen to the greatest advantage in the cha
dress which for the time he represented or wor

Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and ch
bits with impatience in the hase-court, hounds
their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and
lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would
the scent from lying. But Leicester had anothe
in view, or, to speak more justly towards hi
become engaged in it without premeditation,
high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the l
that have crossed his path by accident. The Qu
an accomplished and handsome woman—the pri
England, the hope of France and Holland, and
dread of Spain, had probably listened with more
usual favour to that mixture of romantic gallantry
which she always loved to be addressed; and the
had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in n
and more of that delicious ingredient, until his imp
tunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with brok
accents—"No, I must be the mother of my peopl
Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, as
denied to her Sovereign. No, Leicester, urge it no mor
—were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—
then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the
to chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my
self."

"How long—"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen, hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself.—
"Were it possible—were it but possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

10

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called Rocking stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egertia, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here repre-

sented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to
 As she advanced, she became doubtful whether
 beheld a statue, or a form of flesh and blood.
 unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, by
 the desire which she had to make her condition known
 to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately
 which approached her, and which, though her eyes
 never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to
 the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from
 her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, and
 entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought,
 opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which
 Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing angle
 of their union, and became more and more satisfied that
 the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself,
 she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn,
 her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and
 her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against
 which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk,
 little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat
 resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an
 antique disguise having been thought the most secure,
 where so many masquers and revellers were assembled;
 so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was
 well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as
 by the bloodless cheek and the fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had
 approached within a few paces, whether she did not
 gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the
 doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality.
 She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting
 object her principal

to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes, and drooped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise 10 her with her homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—“How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee.” 20

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

“What may this mean?” she said; “this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel,—what wouldst thou have with us?”

“Your protection, madam,” faltered forth the un- 30 happy petitioner.

“Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it,” replied the Queen; “but your distress seems to

have a deeper root than a forgotten task. What is what, do you crave our protection ? ”

Amy hastily endeavoured to recall what she best knew, which might secure herself from the dangers that surrounded her, without endangering husband, and plunging from one thought to another amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could length, in answer to the Queen's repeated enquiry what she sought protection, only falter out, “ I know not.”

“ This is folly, maiden,” said Elizabeth, impatient for there was something in the extreme confusion and suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. “ The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to questions so oft, without receiving an answer.”

“ I request—I implore,” stammered forth the fortunate Countess,—“ I beseech your grace for protection—against—against one Varney.” She could scarcely well nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

“ What, Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester ?—What, damsel, are you to him, he to you ? ”

“ I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to ”—

“ To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,” said Elizabeth. “ Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy ; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. Thou art,” she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul—“ thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious Princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches.—Thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney?"

10

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman!—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practised on her,—“tell me, woman—for by God's day, I will know—whose wife, or whose paramour, art thou? Speak out, and be speedy.—Thou wert better dally with a honesty than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

30

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth
 astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she
 with kindling anger,—“Woman, thou art set
 —thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of su
 as thou art. Thou art auborned to slander th
 lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman in Englan
 were he the right hand of our trust, or somet
 dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and
 his presence. Come with me—come with me inst
 10 As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the ir
 Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Eli
 rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastene
 swift and long steps out of the grotto, and alon
 principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with he
 terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm,
 whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace
 those of the indignant Queen.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEICESTER was at this moment the centre of a splend
 group of lords and ladies, assembled together under a
 20 arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The compan
 had drawn together in that place to attend the command
 of her Majesty when the hunting-party should go forward
 and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead
 of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them with her usual
 measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking
 so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they
 were aware, and then observed, with fear and surprise,
 that her features were pale and stern.

and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, extenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. "Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my Lord 10 of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveller, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and 20 misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favour of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and 20 apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half dead features, demanded in a

voice that sounded to the ears of the astounded man like the last dread trumpet-call, that is to say, body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilt call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was
10 proud master himself, who, as if some actual power had bent him to the earth, kneeled before Elizabeth and prostrated his brow to the marble flag-stone which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practised on me thy Sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception of thy present confusion surmises—by all that is
20 false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around her, "we are defied, I think—defied in the Castle we have
30 ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—my Lord of Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him for high treason!"

much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester!—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the Queen,—
"name not the word to me—then know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas! how many women have done the same) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester!"

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "O, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him for ever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honour, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this sancy intrusion?" said Elizabeth, with the air of a man altogether overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon!—at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent parents and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw a man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, but checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she recoiled back, and, uttering a faint scream, besought the Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the dungeon of the Castle—to deal with her as the worst criminals—"but spare," she exclaimed, "my sig-

hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain ! ”

“ And why, sweetheart ? ” said the Queen, moved by a new impulse ; “ what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee ? ”

“ Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him ! ”

“ Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already,” answered the Queen.—“ My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming.”

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her ; but the Queen briefly answered, “ Ladies, under favour, no—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the 20 dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech with her.”

“ By Our Lady ! ” said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, “ she is a lovely child, and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters.”

So saying, he carried her off, unreluctantly and almost unconsciously ; his war-worn locks and long grey beard 30 mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command

which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunalton says well," she observed, "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

Leicester's looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunalton had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloom on the ground, but more—so at least it seemed Elizabeth—with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these rid—thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, w^h elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance towards Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; w^h unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be explained in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the scandal."

"She is then distraught!" said the Queen—"we doubted not of it—her whole demeanour bore out. I found her moaning in a corner of your lady's and every word she spoke—which indeed I drizze her as by the rack—she instantly recalled and forgot. But how came she latterly? Why had you her seeking?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity, your lady railed on you latterly, and seemed ready to soon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started, but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney, we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that, if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you—such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple—you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked towards Leicester, and said

with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as by an effort, but it to trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, "that he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because she who commanded him to do could commit no injury towards him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and stimulated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The hughes sounded the bounds for the horses pranced but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusement to which they were summoned with hearts very different from those which had led to the morning's revelle. There was doubt, and

and expectation on every brow and surmise and int in every whisper.

CHAPTER XVII

It was not long after a long and successful morning sport and a prolonged repast which followed that at the Queen's castle that Leicester at length learned all that he wished to know. From the various parties of the Countess's household had been brought to Kenilworth, by the

in his terror for the consequences, had himself posted hither with the tidings. As Varney, in his narrative, took especial care to be silent concerning those practices on the Countess's health which had driven her to so desperate a resolution, Leicester, who could only suppose that she had adopted it out of jealous impatience to attain the avowed state and appearance belonging to her rank, was not a little offended at the levity with which his wife had broken his strict commands, and exposed him to the resentment of Elizabeth 10

"I have given," he said, "to this daughter of an obscure Devonshire gentleman, the proudest name in England. I ask but of her a little patience, ere she launches forth upon the full current of her grandeur, and the infatuated woman will rather hazard her own shipwreck and mine, will rather involve me in a thousand whirlpools, shoals, and quicksands, and compel me to a thousand devices which shame me in mine own eyes, than tarry for a little space longer in the obscurity to which she was born.—So lovely, so delicate, so fond, so faithful—yet to lack in so grave a matter the prudence which one might hope from the veriest fool—it puts me beyond my patience."

"We may pass it over yet well enough," said Varney, "if my lady will be but ruled, and take on her the character which the time commands."

"It is but too true, Sir Richard," said Leicester, "there is indeed no other remedy. I have heard her termed thy wife in my presence, without contradiction. She must bear the title until she is far from Kenilworth." 20

"And long afterwards, I trust," said Varney, then instantly added, "For I cannot but hope it will be long after ere she bear the title of Lady Leicester.—I fear me

light enough for any such to have satisfied their curiosity. They emerged at a door where Lord Hunsdon had, with military precaution, placed a sentinel, who readily admitted Sir Richard Varney and his attendant.

They hastily entered, and shut the door behind them.

"Now, good devil, if there be one," said Varney, within himself, "for once help a votary at a dead pinch, for my boat is amongst the breakers!"

The Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch, in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and, fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward, and dropping his cloak, while he said, in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the Countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears, muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which Love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus exposing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being

so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear, grief, and fatigue, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers but the more interesting! He received and repaid her caresses with fondness, mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

"Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

- 10 "Then I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill!—very ill, since we last met!—for I call not this morning's horrible vision a meeting. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger.—But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety!"

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord?" said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy—"how could I injure that which I love better than myself?"

- 20 "I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the Earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed?" she exclaimed, eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer! O, if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor-Place!—but I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither*;—ye if it concern your safety!"—

- 30 "We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my Northern Castles, under the personage—it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my Lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest.—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the Countess; 10
"and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all"—

"It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition. "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, 20 or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary—I command you."

"I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, "in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will not, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve 30 your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me

as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney?"

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote-Hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The Countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house!—When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation.
20 "Doubtless this will make it necessary to take strangers into my lord's counsels; but surely the Countess will be warrant for the honour of Master Tressilian, and such of her father's family"—

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven, I will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the Countess; "unless they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a man of stainless honour and integrity.—My lord, my lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for you
30 sake—I will not do him the further injustice of being silent when his honour is brought in question. I can

"I hear," she said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased, yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical affectation of sorrow, mangled with humility, bent his eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character, which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your mind, my lord," she said, "in these difficulties, with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. This gentleman—this person, I would say—has hunted at another scheme, to which I object not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight, and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of

as a pure and chaste maiden, worthy to share your fortunes, when, losing that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney!"

"My lord," said Varney interposing, "my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer, yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has great interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Ledcote Hall, and there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery."

Leicester was silent, but stood looking earnestly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.

The Countess only said, "Would to God I were in my father's house!—When I left it, I little thought I was leaving peace of mind and honour behind me."

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation.
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honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne.—Sa that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even a remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—I will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to my own honour; and should law or power require you part from me, I will oppose no objection—since I must then with honour hide a grieved and broken heart those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then—have but a little patience, and Amy's life not long darken your brighter prospects.”

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness in the Countess's remonstrance, that it moved all was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty him at once with remorse and shame.

20 “I am not worthy of you, Amy,” he said, “could weigh aught which ambition has to give me such a heart as thine! I have a bitter pen to perform, in disentangling, before sneering and astounded friends, all the meshes of my own policy.—And the Queen—but let her take my life she has threatened.”

“Your head, my lord!” said the Countess; “you used the freedom and liberty of an Englishman in choosing a wife! For shame; it is this day the Queen's justice, this apprehension of danger cannot but be imaginary, that, like secretaries induced you to forsake the straightforward path—the best, is also the safest.”



VARNEY, LEICESTER AND AMY — Drawn by A.S. Latham.

him with a fixed eye, but seemed no more conscious of his presence, than if there had been nothing but vacant air on the spot where he stood.

"She has brought me to the crisis," he muttered.—
"She or I are lost—There was something—I wot not if it was fear or pity—that prompted me to avoid this fatal crisis. It is now decided.—She or I must *perish*."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEY were no sooner in the Earl's cabinet, than, taking his tablets from his pocket, he began to write, speaking partly to Varney, and partly to himself:—"There are 10 many of them close bounden to me, and especially those in good estate and high office; many who, if they look back towards my benefits, or forward towards the perils which may befall themselves, will not, I think, be disposed to see me stagger unsupported. Let me see—Knollis is sure, and through his means Guernsey and Jersey—Horsley commands in the Isle of Wight—My brother-in-law, Huntingdon, and Pembroke, have authority in Wales.—Through Bedford I lead the Puritans, with their interest, so powerful in all the 20 boroughs—My brother of Warwick is equal, wellnigh, to myself, in wealth, followers, and dependencies—Sir Owen Hopton is at my devotion, he commands the Tower of London, and the national treasure deposited there.—My father and grandfather needed never to have stooped their heads to the block, had they thus forecast their enterprises.—Why look you so sad, Varney! I tell thee, a tree so deep-rooted is not easily to be torn up by a tempest."

"Alas! my lord," said Varney, with well-acted passion, and then resumed the same look of despondency which Leicester had before noted.

"Alas!" repeated Leicester, "and wherefore alas Sir Richard! Doth your new spirit of chivalry supply no more vigorous ejaculation, when a noble struggle is impending? Or, if *alas* means thou wilt flinch from the conflict, thou mayst leave the Castle, or go join mine enemies, whichever thou thinkest best."

10 "Not so, my lord," answered his confidant; "Varney will be found fighting or dying by your side. Forgive me, if, in love to you, I see more fully than your noble heart permits you to do, the inextricable difficulties with which you are surrounded. You are strong, my lord, and powerful; yet, let me say it without offence, you are so only by the reflected light of the Queen's favour. While you are Elizabeth's favourite, you are all, save in name, like an actual sovereign. But let her

20 *Prophet's gourd* did not wither more suddenly. Declare against the Queen, and I do not say that in the wide nation, or in this province alone, you would find yourself instantly deserted and outnumbered; but I will say, that even in this very Castle, and in the midst of your vassals, kinsmen, and dependants, you would be a captive, nay, a sentenced captive, should she please to say the word. Think upon Norfolk, my lord,—upon the powerful Northumberland,—the splendid Westmore-

30 sage Princess. They are dead, captive, or fugitive. This is not like other thrones, which can be overturned by a combination of powerful nobles; the broad foundations which support it are in the extended love

and affections of the people. You might share it with Elizabeth if you would ; but neither yours, nor any other power, foreign or domestic, will avail to overthrow, or even to shake it."

He paused, and Leicester threw his tablets from him with an air of reckless despatch. "It may be as thou say'st," he said ; "and, in sooth, I care not whether truth or cowardice dictate thy forebodings. But it shall not be said I fell without a struggle.—Give orders that those of my retainers who served under me in Ireland be gradually drawn into the main Keep, and let our gentlemen and friends stand on their guard, and go armed, as if they expected an onset from the followers of Sussex. Possess the townspeople with some apprehension ; let them take arms, and be ready, at a signal given, to overpower the Pensioners and Yeomen of the Guard."

"Let me remind you, my lord," said Varney, with the same appearance of deep and melancholy interest, "that you have given me orders to prepare for disarming the Queen's guard. It is an act of high treason, but you shall nevertheless be obeyed."

"I care not," said Leicester, desperately ;—"I care not. Shame is behind me, Ruin before me ; I must on."

Here there was another pause, which Varney at length broke with the following words :—"It is come to the point I have long dreaded. I must either witness, like an ungrateful beast, the downfall of the best and kindest of masters, or I must speak what I would have buried in the deepest oblivion, or told by any other mouth than mine."

"What is that thou sayst, or wouldst say ?" replied

the Earl ; " we have no time to wait the time calls us to action."

" My speech is soon made, my lord were as soon answered ! Your maintenance of the threatened breach with my lord, is it not ? "

" Thou knowest it is ! " replied I needs so fruitless a question ? "

" Pardon me, my lord," said Varnish here. Men will wager their lands and of a rich diamond, my lord ; but were : to look if there is no flaw in it ! "

" What means this ? " said Lerc sternly fixed on his dependant ; " art thou dare to speak ? "

" It is—of the Countess Amy, my am unhappily bound to speak ; and speak, were your lordship to kill me for

" Thou mayst happen to deserve it against the Earl ; " but speak on, I will hear thee

" Nay, then, my lord, I will be bold. own life as well as for your lordship's lady's tampering and trickstering with the Tressilian. You know him, my lord. I formerly an interest in her, which it costs some pains to supersede. You know the which he has pressed on the suit against this lady, the open object of which is to ship to an avowal of what I must ever

own honour, as well as that of any other person, to save me from what thou think'st a step so terrible. But, remember,"—he spoke these words with the most stern decision,—“you speak of the Countess of Leicester.”

“I do, my lord,” said Varney. “but it is for the welfare of the Earl of Leicester. My tale is but begun. I do most strongly believe that this Tressilian has, from the beginning of his moving in her cause, been in connivance with her ladyship the Countess.”

“Thou speak'st wild madness, Varney, with the sober face of a preacher. Where, or how, could they communicate together?”

“My lord,” said Varney, “unfortunately I can show that but too well. It was just before the supplication was presented to the Queen, in Tressilian's name, that I met him, to my utter astonishment at the postern-gate, which leads from the demesne at Cunnor-Place.”

“Thou met'st him, villain?” and why didst thou not strike him dead?” exclaimed Leicester.

“I drew on him, my lord, and he on me: and had not go my foot slipped, he would not, perhaps have been again a stumbling-block in your lordship's path.”

Leicester seemed struck dumb with surprise. At length he answered, “What other evidence hast thou of this, Varney, save thine own assertion?—for as I will punish deeply, I will examine coolly and warily. Sacred Heaven! but no—I will examine coldly and warily—coldly and warily.” He repeated these words more than once to himself, as if in the very sound there was a sedative quality, and again compressing his lips, as if he feared some violent expression might escape from them, he asked again, “What farther proof?”

“Enough, my lord,” said Varney, “and to spare. I

would it rested with me alone, for with me been silenced for ever. But my servant Lamborne, witnessed the whole, and was means of first introducing Tressilian into Cumnor, and therefore I took him into my service, and there I kept him as a debauched man, though something of a debauched man I might have his tongue always under my own. He then acquainted Lord Leicester how easy it was to prove the circumstance of their interview with the evidence of Anthony Foster, with the testimonies of the various persons at Cumnor heard the wager laid, and had seen Lamborne and Tressilian set off together. In the whole Varney hazarded nothing fabulous, excepting indeed by direct assertion, but by inference, his patron to suppose that the interview betwixt Tressilian at Cumnor-Place had been longer than a few minutes to which it was in reality limited.

"And wherefore was I not told of all this?" Leicester sternly. "Why did all of ye—and in particular thou, Varney—keep back from me such information?"

"Because, my lord," replied Varney, "the Countess pretended to Foster and to me, that Tressilian had intruded himself upon her; and I concluded that the interview had been in all honour, and that she would at her own time tell it to your lordship."

"You are but too ready to receive evil surmises," replied his patron. "How know'st thou that this interview was not in all honour, as thou hast said? Methinks the wife of the Earl of Leicester is not so easily to be deceived."

"Questionless, my lord," answered Varney, "had I thought otherwise, I had been no keeper of the secret. But here lies the rub—Tressilian leaves not the place without establishing a correspondence with a poor man, the landlord of an inn in Cumnor, for the purpose of carrying off the lady. He sent down an emissary of his, whom I trust soon to have in right sure keeping under Mervyn's Tower. The host is rewarded with a ring for keeping counsel—your lordship may have noted it on Tressilian's hand—here it is. This fellow, this agent, makes his way to the Place as a pedlar, holds conferences with the lady, and they make their escape together by night—rob a poor fellow of a horse by the way, such was their guilty haste, and at length reach this Castle, where the Countess of Leicester finds refuge—I dare not say in what place."

"Speak, I command thee," said Leicester; "speak, while I retain sense enough to hear thee."

"Since it must be so," answered Varney, "the lady resorted immediately to the apartment of Tressilian, where she remained many hours, partly in company with him, and partly alone. I told you Tressilian had a paramour in his chamber—I little dreamed that paramour was"—

"Amy, thou wouldst say," answered Leicester, "but it is false, false as the smoke of bell. Ambitious she may be—fickle and impatient—'tis a woman's fault, but false to me—never, never—The proof—the proof of this!" he exclaimed hastily.

"Carrol, the Deputy Marshal, ushered her thither by her own desire, on yesterday afternoon—Lambourne and the Wander both found her there at an early hour this morning."

"Was Tressilian there with her?" said the same hurried tone.

"No, my lord. You may remember, Varney," that he was that night placed with Blount, under a species of arrest."

"Did Carrol, or the other fellows, know who demanded Leicester."

"No, my lord," replied Varney; "Carrol Warder had never seen the Countess, and I knew her not in her disguise; but, in seeking to leave the cell, he obtained possession of her gloves, which, I think, your lordship may know."

He gave the glove, which had the Bear and Staff, the Earl's impress, embroidered upon it pearls.

"I do, I do recognise it," said Leicester. "This is my own gift. The fellow of it was on the arm she threw this very day around my neck!"—He said this with violent agitation.

"Your lordship," said Varney, "might yet find out the lady herself, respecting the truth of these passages."

"It needs not—it needs not," said the tortured E. "it is written in characters of burning light, as if it were branded on my very eyeballs! I see her infamy—I can see nought else, and,—gracious Heaven!—this vile woman was I about to commit to danger to the lives of so many noble friends—shake the foundations of a lawful throne—carry the sword and torch through the bosom of a peaceful land—wrong the kind mistress who made me what I am—and would, but for this hell-framed marriage—"

traffics with my worst foes !—And thou, villain, why didst thou not speak sooner ? ”

“ My lord,” said Varney, “ a tear from my lady would have blotted out all I could have said. Besides, I had not these proofs until this very morning, when Anthony Foster’s sudden arrival, with the examinations and declarations, which he had extorted from the innkeeper Goshing, and others, explained the manner of her flight from Cumnor-Place, and my own researches discovered the steps which she had taken here ”

10

“ Now, may God be praised for the light he has given ! so full, so satisfactory, that there breathes not a man in England who shall call my proceeding rash, or my revenge unjust.—And yet, Varney, so young, so fair, so fawning, and so false ! Hence, then, her hatred to thee, my trusty, my well-beloved servant, because you withstood her plots, and endangered her paramour’s life ! ”

“ I never gave her any other cause of dislike, my lord,” replied Varney, “ but she knew that my counsels went directly to diminish her influence with your lordship ; and that I was, and have been, ever ready to peril my life against your enemies.”

“ It is too, too apparent,” replied Leicester ; “ yet, with what an air of magnanimity she exhorted me to commit my head to the Queen’s mercy, rather than wear the veil of falsehood a moment longer ! Methinks the angel of truth himself can have no such tones of high-souled impulse. Can it be so, Varney ?—Can falsehood use thus boldly the language of truth ?—Can infamy thus assume the guise of purity ?—Varney, thou hast been my servant from a child—I have raised thee high—can raise thee higher. Think, think for me ! Thy brain was ever shrewd and piercing.—May she not

een no bad windfall to the beggarly Tressilian. Well might she goad me on to danger, which could not end otherwise than profitably to her.—Speak not for her, Varney ! I will have her blood ! ”

“ My lord,” replied Varney, “ the wildness of your mistress breaks forth in the wildness of your language.”

“ I say, speak not for her ! ” replied Leicester, “ she has dishonoured me—she would have murdered me—all ties are burst between us. She shall die the death of a traitress and adulteress, well merited both by the laws of God and man ! ”

CHAPTER XIX.

It was afterwards remembered, that during the banquets and revels which occupied the remainder of this eventful day, the bearing of Leicester and of Varney were totally different from their usual demeanour. Sir Richard Varney had been held rather a man of counsel and of action, than a votary of pleasure. But upon the present day his character seemed changed. He mixed among the younger courtiers and ladies, and appeared for the moment to be actuated by a spirit of light-hearted gaiety. Those who had looked upon him as a man given up to graver and more ambitious pursuits, now perceived with astonishment that his wit could carry as smooth an edge as their own, his laugh be as lively, and his brow as unclouded.

It was entirely different with Leicester. However habituated his mind usually was to play the part of a good courtier, and appear gay, amiable, and free from all care but that of enhancing the pleasure of the moment,

while his bosom internally throbb'd with the pang of unattain'd ambition, passion, or sentiment, his heart had now a yet more dreadful guest, whose working could not be overclouded or suppressed, and yet might read in his vacant eye and troubled brow, that his thoughts were far absent from the scenes in which he was compelling himself to play a part. His actions and gestures, instead of appearing the consequence of simple volition, seem'd, like those of an automaton, to want the revolution of some internal machinery ere they could be performed, and his words fell from him piecemeal, interrupted, as if he had first to think what he was to say, then how it was to be said, and as if, after all, it was only by an effort of continued attention that he completed a sentence without forgetting both the one and the other.

The singular effects which these distractions of mind produced upon the behaviour and conversation of the most accomplished courtier of England, as they were so visible to the lowest and dullest menial who approached his person, could not escape the notice of the most intelligent princess of the age. Nor is there the least doubt, that the alternate negligence and irregularity of his manner would have called down Elizabeth's severe displeasure on the Earl of Leicester, had it not occurred to her to account for it, by supposing that the apprehension of that displeasure which she had expressed towards him with such vivacity that very morning, was dwelling upon the spurs of her favourite. When this idea, so flattering to female vanity, had once obtained possession of her mind, it proved a full and satisfactory apology for the numerous errors and mistakes of the Earl of Leicester; and the watchful circle around

observed with astonishment, that, instead of resenting his repeated negligence, and want of even ordinary attention, (although these were points on which she was usually extremely punctilious,) the Queen sought, on the contrary, to afford him time and means to recollect himself, and deigned to assist him in doing so, with an indulgence which seemed altogether inconsistent with her usual character. It was clear, however, that this could not last much longer, and that Elizabeth must finally put another and more severe construction on Leicester's uncourteous conduct, when the Earl was summoned by Varney to speak with him in a different apartment.

After having had the message twice delivered to him, he rose, and was about to withdraw, as it were, by instinct—then stopped, and turning round, entreated permission of the Queen to absent himself for a brief space upon matters of pressing importance.

"Go, my lord," said the Queen, "we are aware our presence must occasion sudden and unexpected occurrences, which require to be provided for on the instant. Yet, my lord, as you would have us believe yourself your welcome and honoured guest, we entreat you to think less of our good cheer, and favour us with more of your good countenance, than we have this day enjoyed; for, whether prince or peasant be the guest, the welcome of the host will always be the better part of the entertainment. Go, my lord; and we trust to see you return with an unwrinkled brow, and those free thoughts which you are wont to have at the disposal of your friends."

Leicester only bowed low in answer to this rebuke, and retired. At the door of the apartment he was met

by Varney, who eagerly drew him apart, and whispered in his ear, "All is well!"

"Has Masters seen her?" said the Earl.

"He has, my lord; and as she would neither answer his queries, nor allege any reason for her refusal, he give full testimony that she labours under a mental disorder, and may be best committed to the charge of her friends. The opportunity is therefore free, to remove her as we proposed."

10 "But Tressilian?" said Leicester.

"He will not know of her departure for some time," replied Varney: "it shall take place this very evening, and to-morrow he shall be cared for."

"No, by my soul," answered Leicester; "I will take vengeance on him with mine own hand!"

"You, my lord, and on so inconsiderable a man?" Tressilian.—"No, my lord, he hath long wished to visit foreign parts. Trust him to me—I will take care he returns not hither to tell tales."

20 "Not so, by Heaven, Varney!" exclaimed Leicester.—"Inconsiderable do you call an enemy, that hath had power to wound me so deeply, that my whole after life must be one scene of remorse and misery?—No; rather than forego the right of doing myself justice with my own hand on that accursed villain, I will unfold the whole truth at Elizabeth's footstool, and let her vengeance descend at once on them and on myself."

Varney saw with great alarm that his lord was wrought up to such a pitch of agitation, that if he gave not vent to him, he was perfectly capable of adopting the desperate resolution which he had announced, and which was instant ruin to all the schemes of ambition which Varney had formed for his patron and for himself. But the

Earl's rage seemed at once uncontrollable and deeply concentrated, and while he spoke, his eyes shot fire, his voice trembled with excess of passion, and the light foam stood on his lip.

His confidant made a bold and successful effort to obtain the mastery of him even in this hour of emotion. —“ My lord,” he said, leading him to a mirror, “ behold your reflection in that glass, and think if these agitated features belong to one who, in a condition so extreme, is capable of forming a resolution for himself ” 10

“ What, then, wouldst thou make me ? ” said Leicester, struck at the change in his own physiognomy, though offended at the freedom with which Varney made the appeal. “ Am I to be thy ward, thy vassal, —the property and subject of my servant ? ”

“ No, my lord,” said Varney, firmly, “ but be master of yourself, and of your own passion. My lord, I, your born servant, am ashamed to see how poorly you bear yourself in the storm of fury. Go to Elizabeth's feet, confess your marriage—Go, my lord—but first take 20 farewell of Richard Varney, with all the benefits you ever conferred on him. He served the noble, the lofty, the high-minded Leicester, and was more proud of depending on him, than he would be of commanding thousands. But the abject lord who stoops to every adverse circumstance, whose judicious resolves are scattered like chaff before every wind of passion, him Richard Varney serves not. He is as much above him in constancy of mind, as beneath him in rank and fortune ”

Varney spoke thus without hypocrisy, for, though the 30 firmness of mind which he boasted was hardness and impenetrability, yet he really felt the ascendancy which he vaunted ; while the interest which he actually felt

Some anxiety and wonder took place, meanwhile, in the presence hall at the prolonged absence of the noble Lord of that castle and great was the delight of his friends when they saw him enter as a man from whose bosom all human seeming a weight of care had been removed. Ample did Leicester that day redeem the pledge he had given to Varney, who soon saw himself no longer under the necessity of maintaining a character different from his own, as that which he had assumed in the earlier part of the day, and gradually relapsed into the same grave, shrewd, caustic observer of conversation and incident, which constituted his usual part in society.

With Elizabeth, Leicester played his game as one to whom her natural strength of talent, and her weakness in one or two particular points, were well known. He was too wary to exchange on a sudden the sullen personage which he had played before he retired with Varney; but, on approaching her, it seemed softened into a melancholy, which had a touch of tenderness in it, and which, in the course of conversing with Elizabeth and as she dropped in compassion one mark of favour after another to console him, passed into a flow of affectionate gallantry, the most assiduous, the most delicate, the most insinuating, yet at the same time the most respectful, with which a Queen was ever addressed by a subject. Elizabeth listened, as in a sort of enchantment; her jealousy of power was lulled asleep; her resolution to forsake all social or domestic ties, and dedicate herself exclusively to the care of her people, began to be shaken, and once more the star of Dudley culminated in the court-horizon.

But Leicester did not enjoy this triumph over nature, and over conscience, without its being embittered to

him, not only by the internal rebellion of his feelings against the violence which he exercised over them, but by many accidental circumstances, which, in the course of the banquet, and during the subsequent amusements of the evening, jarred upon that nerve, the least vibration of which was agony.

The courtiers were, for example, in the great hall, after having left the banqueting-room, awaiting the appearance of a splendid masque, which was the expected entertainment of this evening, when the Queen interrupted a wild career of wit, which the Earl of Leicester was running against Lord Willoughby, Raleigh, and some other courtiers, by saying—"We will impeach you of high treason, my lord, if you proceed in this attempt to slay us with laughter. And here comes a thing may make us all grave at his pleasure, our learned physician, Masters, with news belike of our poor suppliant, Lady Varney—nay, my lord, we will not have you leave us, for this being a dispute betwixt married persons, we do not hold our own experience deep enough to decide thereon, without good counsel.—How now, Masters, what think'st thou of the runaway bride?"

The smile with which Leicester had been speaking, when the Queen interrupted him, remained arrested on his lips, as if it had been carved there by the chisel of Michael Angelo, or of Chantrey; and he listened to the speech of the physician with the same unmovable cast of countenance.

"The Lady Varney, gracious Sovereign," said the court physician, Masters, "is sullen, and would hold little conference with me touching the state of her health, talking wildly of being soon to plead her own cause before

"It is pity indeed," said the Earl, repeating the words like a task which was set him.

"But, perhaps," said Elizabeth, "you do not join with us in our opinion of her beauty; and indeed we have known men prefer a statelier and more Juno-like form to that drooping fragile one, that hung its head like a broken lily. Ay, men are tyrants, my lord, who esteem the animation of the strife above the triumph of an unrelenting conquest, and, like sturdy champions, love best those women who can wage contest with them. 10 —I could think with you, Rutland, that, give my Lord of Leicester such a piece of painted wax for a bride, he would have wished her dead ere the end of the honeymoon."

As she said this, she looked on Leicester so expressively, that, while his heart revolted against the egregious falsehood, he did himself so much violence as to reply in a whisper, that Leicester's love was more lowly than her Majesty deemed, since it was settled where he could never command, but must ever obey. 20

The Queen blushed, and bid him be silent; yet looked as if she expected that he would not obey her commands. But at that moment the flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums from a high balcony which overlooked the hall, announced the entrance of the masquers, and relieved Leicester from the horrible state of constraint and dissimulation in which the result of his own duplicity had placed him.

The masque which entered consisted of four separate bands, which followed each other at brief intervals, each 30 consisting of six principal persons and as many torch-bearers, and each representing one of the various nations by which England had at different times been occupied.

Merlin having entered, and advanced into the middle of the hall, summoned the presenters of the various bands around him by a wave of his magical rod, and announced to them, in a poetical speech, that the island of Britain was now commanded by a Royal Maiden, whom it was the will of fate that they should all homage and respect of her to pronounce on the various pretensions which each set forth to be esteemed a pre-eminent stock, from which the present natives to the happy subjects of that angelical Princess, derive their lineage.

The bands, each moving to solemn music, passed successively before Elizabeth—during her, as they passed each after the fashion of the people whom they represented, the lowest and most devotional homage, while she returned with the same gracious courtesy that has marked her whole conduct since she came to Kenilworth.

The presenters of the several masques, or quadrilles then alleged, each in behalf of his own troop, the reasons which they had for claiming pre-eminence over the rest; and when they had been all heard in turn, she returned them this gracious answer: "That she was sorry she was not better qualified to decide upon the doubtful question which had been propounded to her by the direction of the famous Merlin, but that it seemed to her that no single one of these celebrated nations could claim pre-eminence over the others, as having most contributed to form the Englishman of her own time, who unquestionably derived from each of them some worthy attribute of his character. Thus," she said, "the Englishman had from the ancient Briton his bold and tameless spirit of freedom,—from the Roman his disciplined courage in war, with his love of letters and

civilisation in time of peace,—from the Saxon his wise and equitable laws,—and from the chivalrous Norman his love of honour and courtesy, with his generous desire for glory."

Merlin answered with readiness, that it did indeed require that so many choice qualities should meet in the English, as might render them in some measure the master of the perfections of other nations, since that alone could render them in some degree deserving of the blessings they enjoyed under the reign of England's Elizabeth. 10

The music then sounded, and the quadrilles had begun to remove from the crowded hall, when Leicester, who was stationed for the moment near the bottom of the hall, felt himself pulled by the cloak, while a voice whispered in his ear, "My Lord, I do desire some instant conference with you."

CHAPTER XX.

"I DESIRE some conference with you" The words were simple in themselves, but Lord Leicester was in that alarmed and feverish state of mind, when the most ordinary occurrences seem fraught with alarming import; and he turned hastily round to survey the person by whom they had been spoken. There was nothing remarkable in the speaker's appearance, which consisted of a black silk doublet and short mantle, with a black vizard on his face; for it appeared he had been among the crowd of masks who had thronged into the hall in the retinue of Merlin, though he did not wear any of the extravagant disguises by which most of them were distinguished.

"Who are you, or what do you want with me?" Leicester, not without betraying, by his accents, hurried state of his spirits.

"No evil, my lord," answered the mask, "but a good and honour, if you will rightly understand purpose. But I must speak with you more private."

"I can speak with no nameless stranger," answered Leicester, dreading he knew not precisely what from request of the stranger; "and those who are known to me, must seek another and a fitter time to ask an interview."

He would have hurried away, but the mask detained him.

"Those who talk to your lordship of what your honour demands, have a right over your time, whatever occupations you may lay aside in order to indulge them."

"How! my honour? Who dare impeach it?" asked Leicester.

"Your own conduct alone can furnish grounds for accusing it, my lord, and it is that topic on which I would speak with you."

"You are insolent," said Leicester, "and abuse the hospitable license of the time, which prevents me from having you punished. I demand your name!"

"Edmund Trevelian of Cornwall," answered the mask. "My tongue has been bound by a promise for four-and-twenty hours,—the space is passed,—I now speak, and do your lordship the justice to address myself first to you."

30 The thrill of astonishment which had penetrated to Leicester's very heart at hearing that name pronounced by the voice of the man he most detested, and by whom he conceived himself so deeply injured, at first rendered

him immovable, but instantly gave way to such a thirst for revenge as the pilgrim in the desert feels for the water-brooks. He had but sense and self government enough left to prevent his stabbing to the heart the audacious villain, who, after the ruin he had brought upon him, dared, with such unmoved assurance, thus to practise upon him farther. Determined to suppress for the moment every symptom of agitation, in order to perceive the full scope of Tressilian's purpose, as well as to secure his own vengeance, he answered in a tone so altered by restrained passion as scarce to be intelligible,—"And what does Master Edmund Tressilian require at my hand?"

"Justice, my lord," answered Tressilian, calmly but firmly.

"Justice," said Leicester, "all men are entitled to—You, Master Tressilian, are peculiarly so, and be assured you shall have it."

"I expect nothing less from your nobleness," answered Tressilian. "but time presses, and I must speak with you to-night.—May I wait on you in your chamber?"

"No," answered Leicester, sternly, "not under a roof, and that roof mine own.—We will meet under the free cope of heaven."

"You are discomposed or displeased, my lord," replied Tressilian; "yet there is no occasion for dis-temperature. The place is equal to me, so you allow me one half hour of your time uninterrupted."

"A shorter time will, I trust, suffice," answered Leicester.—"Meet me in the Pleasance, when the Queen has retired to her chamber."

"Enough," said Tressilian, and withdrew; while a

sort of rapture seemed for the moment to occupy the mind of Leicester.

"Heaven," he said, "is at last favourable to me, and has put within my reach the wretch who has branded me with this deep ignominy—who has inflicted on me this cruel agony. I will blame fate no more, since I am afforded the means of tracing the wiles by which he means still farther to practise on me, and then of at once convicting and punishing his villainy. To my task
10—to my task!—I will not sink under it now, since midnight, at farthest, will bring me vengeance."

While these reflections thronged through Leicester's mind, he again made his way amid the obsequious crowd, which divided to give him passage, and resumed his place, envied and admired, beside the person of his Sovereign. But, could the bosom of him thus admired and envied have been laid open before the inhabitants of that crowded hall, with all its dark thoughts of guilty ambition, blighted affection, deep vengeance, and conscious sense of meditated cruelty, crowding each other like spectres in the circle of some foul enchantress,—which of them, from the most ambitious noble in the courtly circle, down to the most wretched menial, who lived by shifting of trenchers, would have desired to change characters with the favourite of Elizabeth, and the Lord of Kenilworth?

New tortures awaited him as soon as he had rejoined Elizabeth.

"You come in time, my lord," she said, "to decide
20 a dispute between us ladies. Here has Sir Richard Varney asked our permission to depart from the Castle with his infirm lady, having, as he tells us, your lordship's consent to his absence, so he can obtain ours. Certes,

we have no will to withhold him from the affectionate charge of this poor young person—but you are to know, that Sir Richard Varney hath this day shown himself so much captivated with these ladies of ours, that here is our Duchess of Rutland says, he will carry his poor insane wife no farther than the lake, plunge her in, to tenant the crystal palaces that the enchanted nymph told us of, and return a jolly widower, to dry his tears, and to make up the loss among our train. How say you, my lord?—We have seen Varney under two or three 10 different guises—you know what are his proper attributes—think you he is capable of playing his lady such a knave's trick?

Leicester was confounded, but the danger was urgent, and a reply absolutely necessary. "The ladies," he said, "think too lightly of one of their own sex, in supposing she could deserve such a fate, or too ill of ours, to think it could be inflicted upon an innocent female."

"Hear him, my ladies," said Elizabeth, "like all of his sex, he would excuse their cruelty by imputing fickleness to us."

"Say not so, madam," replied the Earl; "we say that meaner women, like the lesser lights of heaven, have revolutions and phases, but who shall impute mutability to the sun, or to Elizabeth?"

The discourse presently afterwards assumed a less perilous tendency, and Leicester continued to support his part in it with spirit, at whatever expense of mental agony. So pleasing did it seem to Elizabeth, that the 20 Castle bell had sounded midnight ere she retired from the company, a circumstance unusual in her quiet and regular habits of disposing of time. Her departure was

of course the signal for breaking up the company, dispersed to their several places of repose, to dream the pastimes of the day, or to anticipate those of morrow.

The unfortunate Lord of the Castle, and founder of the proud festival, retired to far different thoughts. His first direction to the valet who attended him, was to send Varney instantly to his apartment. The messenger returned after some delay, and informed him that 10 hours had elapsed since Sir Richard Varney had left the Castle, by the postern gate, with three other persons, one of whom was transported in a horse-litter.

"How came he to leave the Castle after the war was set?" said Leicester; "I thought he went not till daybreak."

"He gave satisfactory reasons, as I understand," said the domestic, "to the guard, and, as I hear, shown your lordship's signet"—

"True—true," said the Earl; "yet he has been hasty—Do any of his attendants remain behind?"

"Michael Lambourne, my lord," said the valet, "was not to be found when Sir Richard Varney departed, as his master was much incensed at his absence. I saw him but now saddling his horse to gallop after his master."

"Bid him come hither instantly," said Leicester; "I have a message to his master."

The servant left the apartment, and Leicester traversed it for some time in deep meditation.—"Varney is over zealous," he said, "over pressing—He loves me, I think—but he hath his own ends to serve, and he is inexorable in pursuit of them. If I rise he rises, and he hath shown himself already but too eager to rid me of this obstacle which seems to stand betwixt me and sovereignty. Ye

I will not stoop to bear this disgrace. She shall be punished, but it shall be more advisedly. I already feel, even in anticipation, that over-haste would light the flames of hell in my bosom. No—one victim is enough for once, and that victim already waits me.”

He seized upon writing materials, and hastily traced these words :—

“ Sir Richard Varney, we have resolved to defer the matter intrusted to your care, and strictly command you to proceed no farther in relation to our Countess, until our farther order. We also command your instant return to Kenilworth, as soon as you have safely bestowed that with which you are intrusted. But if the safe placing of your present charge shall detain you longer than we think for, we command you, in that case, to send back our signet-ring by a trusty and speedy messenger, we having present need of the same. And requiring your strict obedience in these things, and commending you to God’s keeping, we rest your assured good friend and master,

20

“ R. LEICESTER

“ Given at our Castle of Kenilworth, the tenth of July, in the year of Salvation one thousand five hundred and seventy-five ”

As Leicester had finished and sealed this mandate, Michael Lambourne, booted up to mid thigh, having his riding cloak girted around him with a broad belt, and a felt-cap on his head, like that of a courier, entered his apartment, ushered in by the valet.

“ What is thy capacity of service ? ” said the Earl. 30

“ Equerry to your lordship’s master of the horse,” answered Lambourne, with his customary assurance.

"Tie up thy saucy tongue, sir," said Leicester; "jesta that may suit Sir Richard Varney's presence, not mine. How soon wilt thou overtake thy waste."

"In one hour's riding, my lord, if man and horse good," said Lambourne, with an instant alteration of demeanour from an approach to familiarity to deepest respect. The Earl measured him with his from top to toe.

"I have heard of thee," he said; "men say thou 10 a prompt fellow in thy service, but too much given brawling and to wassail to be trusted with things moment."

"My lord," said Lambourne, "I have been soldier, sailor, traveller, and adventurer; and these are trades in which men enjoy to-day, because they have no surety of to-morrow. But though I may miss mine own leisure, I have never neglected the duty I owe my master."

"See that it be so in this instance," said Leicester 20 "and it shall do thee good. Deliver this letter speedily and carefully into Sir Richard Varney's hands."

"Does my commission reach no farther?" said Lambourne.

"No," answered Leicester, "but it deeply concerns me that it be carefully as well as hastily executed."

"I will spare neither care nor horse-flesh," answered Lambourne, and immediately took his leave.

"So this is the end of my private audience, from which I hoped so much!" he muttered to himself, as he 30 went through the long gallery, and down the back staircase. "I thought the Earl had wanted a cast of mine office in some secret intrigue, and it all ends in carrying a letter! Well, his pleasure shall be done, however, and

as his lordship well says, it may do me good another time. The child must creep ere he walk, and so must your infant courtier. I will have a look into this letter, however, which he hath sealed so sloven-like."—Having accomplished this, he clapped his hands together in ecstasy, exclaiming, "The Countess—the Countess!—I have the secret that shall make or mar me.—But come forth, Bayard," he added, leading his horse into the court-yard, "for your flanks and my spurs must be presently acquainted."

10

Lambourne mounted, accordingly, and left the Castle by the postern-gate, where his free passage was permitted, in consequence of a message to that effect left by Sir Richard Varney.

CHAPTER XXI.

As soon as Lambourne and the valet had left the apartment, Leicester proceeded to change his dress for a very plain one, threw his mantle around him, and, taking a lamp in his hand, went by the private passage of communication to a small secret postern-door which opened into the court-yard, near to the entrance of the Pleasance 20

His reflections were of a more calm and determined character than they had been at any late period, and he endeavoured to claim, even in his own eyes, the character of a man more sinned against than sinning.

"I have suffered the deepest injury," such was the tenor of his meditations, "yet I have restricted the instant revenge which was in my power, and have limited it to that which is manly and noble. But shall the union which this false woman has this day disgraced,

remain an abiding fetter on me, to check me in the noble career to which my destinies invite me? No—there are other means of disengaging such ties, without unloosing the cords of life. In the sight of God, I am no longer bound by the union she has broken. Kingdoms shall divide us—oceans roll betwixt us, and their waves, whose abysses have swallowed whole navies, shall be the sole depositaries of the deadly mystery.”

In this mood, the vindictive and ambitious Earl entered the superb precincts of the Pleasance, then illuminated by the full moon. The broad yellow light was reflected on all sides from the white freestone, of which the pavement, balustrades, and architectural ornaments of the place, were constructed; and not a single fleecy cloud was visible in the azure sky, so that the scene was nearly as light as if the sun had but just left the horizon. The numerous statues of white marble glimmered in the pale light, like so many sheeted ghosts just arisen from their sepulchres, and the fountains threw their jets into the air, as if they sought that their waters should be brightened by the moonbeams, ere they fell down again upon their basins in showers of sparkling silver. The day had been sultry, and the gentle night-breeze, which sighed along the terrace of the Pleasance, raised not a deeper breath than the fan in the hand of youthful beauty. The bird of summer night had built many a nest in the bowers of the adjacent garden, and the tenants now undisturbed themselves for silence during the day, by a full chorus of their own unrivalled warblings, now joyous, now pathetic, now united, now responsive to each other, as if to express their delight in the placid and delicious scene to which they poured their melody.

Musing on matters far different from the fall of waters, the gleam of moonlight, or the song of the nightingale, the stately Leicester walked slowly from the one end of the terrace to the other, his cloak wrapped around him, and his sword under his arm, without seeing any thing resembling the human form.

"I have been fooled by my own generosity," he said, "if I have suffered the villain to escape me."

These were his thoughts, which were instantly dispelled, when, turning to look back towards the entrance, he saw a human form advancing slowly from the portico, and darkening the various objects with its shadow, as passing them successively, in its approach towards him.

"Shall I strike ere I again hear his detested voice?" was Leicester's thought, as he grasped the hilt of the sword. "But no! I will see which way his vile practices tend. I will watch, disgusting as it is, the coils and mazes of the loathsome snake, ere I put forth my strength and crush him."

His hand quitted the sword-hilt, and he advanced slowly towards Tressilian, collecting, for their meeting, all the self-possession he could command, until they came front to front with each other.

Tressilian made a profound reverence, to which the Earl replied with a haughty inclination of the head, and the words, "You sought secret conference with me, sir—I am here, and attentive."

"My lord," said Tressilian, "I am so earnest in that which I have to say, and so desirous to find a patient, nay a favourable, hearing, that I will stoop to exculpate so myself from whatever might prejudice your lordship against me. You think me your enemy?"

"Have I not some apparent cause?" answered

Leicester, perceiving that Tressilian pained for a
reply.

"You do me wrong, my lord. I am a friend, but
not a dependant nor partisan, of the Earl of Sussex,
whom courtiers call your rival. And it is some considerable
time since I ceased to regard either courts, or
court intrigues, as suited to my temper or genius."

"No doubt, sir," answered Leicester, "there are
other occupations more worthy of a scholar, and for
such the world holds Master Tressilian - Love has his
intrigues as well as ambition."

"I perceive, my lord," replied Tressilian, "you give
much weight to my early attachment for the unfortunate
young person of whom I am about to speak, and perhaps
think I am prosecuting her cause out of rivalry, more
than a sense of justice."

"No matter for my thoughts, sir," said the Earl;
"proceed. You have as yet spoken of yourself only;
an important and worthy subject doubtless, but which,
perhaps, does not altogether so deeply concern me, that
I should postpone my repose to hear it. Spare me
farther prelude, sir, and speak to the purpose,
if indeed you have aught to say that concerns me.
When you have done, I, in my turn, have something
to communicate."

"I will speak, then, without farther prelude, my
lord," answered Tressilian; "having to say that which,
as it concerns your lordship's honour, I am confident
you will not think your time wasted in listening to. I
have to request an account from your lordship of the
unhappy Amy Robsart, whose history is too well known
to you. I regret deeply that I did not at once take this
course, and make yourself judge between me and the

villain by whom she is injured. My lord, she extricated herself from an unlawful and most perilous state of confinement, trusting to the effects of her own remonstrance upon her unworthy husband, and extorted from me a promise, that I would not interfere in her behalf until she had used her own efforts to have her rights acknowledged by him."

"Ha!" said Leicester, "remember you to whom you speak?"

"I speak of her unworthy husband, my lord," 10 repeated Tressilian, "and my respect can find no softer language. The unhappy young woman is withdrawn from my knowledge, and sequestered in some secret place of this Castle,—if she be not transferred to some place of seclusion better fitted for bad designs. This must be reformed, my lord.—I speak it as authorized by her father,—and this ill-fated marriage must be avouched and proved in the Queen's presence, and the lady placed without restraint, and at her own free disposal. And, permit me to say, it concerns no one's 20 honour that these most just demands of mine should be complied with, so much as it does that of your lordship."

The Earl stood as if he had been petrified, at the extreme coldness with which the man, whom he considered as having injured him so deeply, pleaded the cause of his criminal paramour, as if she had been an innocent woman, and he a disinterested advocate, nor was his wonder lessened by the warmth with which Tressilian seemed to demand for her the rank and situation which she had disgraced, and the advantages 30 of which she was doubtless to share with the lover who advocated her cause with such effrontery. Tressilian had been silent for more than a minute ere the Earl

recovered from the excess of his astonishment; and, considering the prepossessions with which his mind was occupied, there is little wonder that his passion gained the mastery of every other consideration. "I have heard you, Master Tressilian," he said, "without interruption, and I bless God that my ears were never before made to tingle by the words of so frontless a villain. The task of chastising you is fitter for the hangman's scourge than the sword of a nobleman, but to yet—Villain, draw and defend thyself!"

As he spoke the last words, he dropped his mantle on the ground, struck Tressilian smartly with his sheathed sword, and instantly drawing his rapier, put himself into a posture of assault. The vehement fury of his language at first filled Tressilian, in his turn, with surprise equal to what Leicester had felt when he addressed him. But astonishment gave rise to resentment, when the unmerited insults of his language were followed by a blow, which immediately put to flight every thought save that of instant combat. Tressilian's sword was instantly drawn, and though perhaps somewhat inferior to Leicester in the use of the weapon, he understood it well enough to maintain the contest with great spirit, the rather that of the two he was for the time the more cool, since he could not help imputing Leicester's conduct either to actual frenzy, or to the influence of some strong delusion.

The rencontre had continued for several minutes without either party receiving a wound, when of a sudden voices were heard beneath the portico, which formed the entrance of the terrace, mingled with the steps of men advancing hastily. "We are interrupted," said Leicester to his antagonist; "follow me."

At the same time a voice from the portico said "The jackanape is right—they are tilting here "

Leicester, meanwhile, drew off Tressilian into a sort of recess behind one of the fountains, which served to conceal them, while six of the yeomen of the Queen's guard passed along the middle walk of the Pleasance, and they could hear one say to the rest, "We shall never find them to-night amongst all these squirting fountains, squirrel-cages, and rabbit-holes; but if we light not on them before we reach the farther end, we will return, to and mount a guard at the entrance, and so secure them till morning "

They passed on, making a kind of careless search, but seemingly more intent on their own conversation than bent on discovering the persons who had created the nocturnal disturbance.

They had no sooner passed forward along the terrace, than Leicester, making a sign to Tressilian to follow him, glided away in an opposite direction, and escaped through the portico undiscovered. He conducted Tressilian to Mervyn's Tower, in which he was now again lodged; and then, ere parting with him, said these words, "If thou hast courage to continue and bring to an end what is thus broken off, be near me when the court goes forth to-morrow—we shall find a time, and I will give you a signal when it is fitting "

"My Lord," said Tressilian, "at another time I might have enquired the meaning of this strange and furious inveteracy against me. But you have laid that on my shoulder, which only blood can wash away; and were you as high as your proudest wishes ever carried you, I would have from you satisfaction for my wounded honour."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE amusement with which Elizabeth and her court were next day to be regaled, was an exhibition by the true-hearted men of Coventry, who were to represent the strife between the English and the Danes, agreeably to a custom long preserved in their ancient borough, and warranted for truth by old histories and chronicles. In this pageant, one party of the townsfolk presented the Saxons, and the other the Danes, and set forth, both in rude rhymes and with hard blows, the contentions of these two fierce nations, and the Amazonian courage of the English women, who, according to the story, were the principal agents in the general massacre of the Danes, which took place at Hocktide, in the year of God 1012.

These rough rural gambols may not altogether agree with the reader's preconceived idea of an entertainment presented before Elizabeth, in whose reign letters revived with such brilliancy, and whose court, governed by a female, whose sense of propriety was equal to her strength of mind, was no less distinguished for delicacy and refinement, than her councils for wisdom and fortitude. But whether from the political wish to seem interested in popular sports, or whether from a spark of old Henry's rough masculine spirit, which Elizabeth sometimes displayed, it is certain that the Queen laughed heartily at the imitation, or rather burlesque of chivalry which was presented in the Coventry play. She called near her person the Earl of Sussex and Lord Hunsdon partly perhaps to make amends to the former for too long and private audiences with which she had indulged

the Earl of Leicester, by engaging him in conversation upon a pastime, which better suited his taste than those pageants that were furnished forth from the stores of antiquity. The disposition which the Queen showed to laugh and jest with her military leaders, gave the Earl of Leicester the opportunity he had been watching for withdrawing from the royal presence, which to the court around, so well had he chosen his time, had the graceful appearance of leaving his rival free access to the Queen's person, instead of availing himself of his right as her landlord, to stand perpetually betwixt others and the light of her countenance.

Leicester's thoughts, however, had a far different object from mere courtesy; for no sooner did he see the Queen fairly engaged in conversation with Sussex and Hunsdon, than, making a sign to Tressilian, who, according to appointment, watched his motions at a little distance, he extricated himself from the press, and walking towards the Chase, made his way through the crowds of ordinary spectators, who, with open mouth, stood gazing on the battle of the English and the Danes. When he had accomplished this, which was a work of some difficulty, he shot another glance behind him to see that Tressilian had been equally successful, and as soon as he saw him also free from the crowd, he led the way to a small thicket, behind which stood a lackey, with two horses ready saddled. He flung himself on the one, and made signs to Tressilian to mount the other, who obeyed without speaking a single word.

Leicester then spurred his horse, and galloped without stopping until he reached a sequestered spot, environed by lofty oaks, about a mile's distance from the Castle and in an opposite direction from the scene to which

curiosity was drawing every spectator. He there dismounted, bound his horse to a tree, and only pronouncing the words, "Here there is no risk of interruption," laid his cloak across his saddle, and drew his sword.

Tressilian imitated his example punctually, yet could not forbear saying, as he drew his weapon, "My lord, as I have been known to many as one who does not fear death, when placed in balance with honour, methinks I may, without derogation, ask, wherefore, in the name of all that is honourable, your lordship has dared to offer me such a mark of disgrace, as places us on these terms with respect to each other?"

"If you like not such marks of my scorn," replied the Earl, "betake yourself instantly to your weapon, lest I repeat the usage you complain of."

"It shall not need, my lord," said Tressilian. "God judge betwixt us! and your blood, if you fall, be on your own head."

He had scarce completed the sentence, when they instantly closed in combat.

But Leicester, who was a perfect master of defence among all other exterior accomplishments of the time had seen, on the preceding night, enough of Tressilian's strength and skill, to make him fight with more caution than heretofore, and prefer a secure revenge to a hazardous one. For some minutes they fought with equal success and fortune, till, in a desperate lounge which Leicester successfully put aside, Tressilian exposed himself to disadvantage; and, in a subsequent attempt to reach the Earl forced his sword from his hand, and struck him on the ground. With a grim smile he held the point of his rapier within two inches of the throat of his adversary, and placing his foot at the same time



THE DUEL INTERRUPTED—Scene at Lakewood

his breast, bid him confess his villainous wrong to him, and prepare for death.

"I have no villainy nor wrong towards thee," answered Tressilian, "and am better prepared than thou. Use thine advantage as thou wilt. God forgive you! I have given you no cause."

"No cause!" exclaimed the Earl, "no cause why parley with such a slave?—Die a liar, as I lived!"

10 He had withdrawn his arm for the purpose of striking the fatal blow, when it was suddenly seized from below.

The Earl turned in wrath to shake off the unexpected obstacle, but was surprised to find that a strange boy had hold of his sword-arm, and clung to it with such tenacity of grasp, that he could not shake him off without a considerable struggle, in the course of which Tressilian had opportunity to rise and possess himself once more of his weapon. Leicester again turned towards him with looks of unabated ferocity.

20 combat would have recommenced with still more desperation on both sides, had not the boy clung to Leicester's knees, and in a shrill tone implored him to listen one moment ere he prosecuted this quarrel.

"Stand up, and let me go!" said Leicester, "Heaven, I will pierce thee with my rapier!—What dost thou to do to bar my way to revenge?"

"Much—much!" exclaimed the undaunted boy, "since my folly has been the cause of these quarrels between you, and perchance of worse evil to me, if you would ever again enjoy the peace of an undisturbed mind, if you hope again to sleep in peace and undisturbed sleep, take as a such measure as to remove the

While he spoke in this eager and earnest manner, to which his singular features and voice gave a goblin-like effect, he held up to Leicester a packet, secured with a long tress of woman's hair, of a beautiful light-brown colour. Enraged as he was, nay, almost blinded with fury to see his destined revenge so strangely frustrated, the Earl of Leicester could not resist this extraordinary suppliant. He snatched the letter from his hand—changed colour as he looked on the superscription—undid, with faltering hand, the knot which secured it—glanced over the contents, and, staggering back, would have fallen, had he not rested against the trunk of a tree, where he stood for an instant, his eyes bent on the letter, and his sword-point turned to the ground, without seeming to be conscious of the presence of an antagonist, towards whom he had shown little mercy, and who might in turn have taken him at advantage. But for such revenge Tressilian was too noble-minded—he also stood still in surprise, waiting the issue of this strange fit of passion, but holding his weapon ready to defend himself in case of need, against some new and sudden attack on the part of Leicester, whom he again suspected to be under the influence of actual frenzy. The boy, indeed, he easily recognised as his old acquaintance Dickon, whose face, once seen, was scarcely to be forgotten; but how he came thither at so critical a moment, why his interference was so energetic, and, above all, how it came to produce so powerful an effect upon Leicester, were questions which he could not solve.

But the letter was of itself powerful enough to work effects yet more wonderful. It was that which the unfortunate Amy had written to her husband, in which she alleged the reasons and manner of her flight from

Cumnor-Place, informed him of her having made her way to Kenilworth to enjoy his protection, and mentioned the circumstances which had compelled her to take refuge in Tressilian's apartment, earnestly requesting he would, without delay, assign her a more suitable asylum. The letter concluded with the most earnest expressions of devoted attachment, and submission to his will in all things, and particularly respecting her situation and place of residence, conjuring him only that she might not be placed under the guardianship or restraint of Varney.

The letter dropped from Leicester's hand when he had perused it. "Take my sword," he said, "Tressilian, and pierce my heart, as I would but now have pierced yours!"

"My lord," said Tressilian, "you have done me great wrong; but something within my breast ever whispered that it was by egregious error."

"Error, indeed!" said Leicester, and handed him the letter; "I have been made to believe a man of honour a villain, and the best and purest of creatures a false profligate.—Wretched boy, why comes this letter now, and where has the bearer lingered!"

"I dare not tell you, my lord," said the boy, withdrawing, as if to keep beyond his reach;—"but here comes one who was the messenger."

Wayland at the same moment came up; and, interrogated by Leicester, hastily detailed all the circumstances of his escape with Amy,—the fatal practices which had driven her to flight,—and her anxious desire to throw herself under the instant protection of her husband,—pointing out the evidence of the domestics of Kenilworth, "who could not," he observed, "but

remember her eager enquiries after the Earl of Leicester on her first arrival."

"The villains!" exclaimed Leicester; "but O, that worst of villains, Varney—and she is even now in his power!"

"But not, I trust in God," said Tressilian, "with any commands of fatal import?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the Earl, hastily.—"I said something in madness—but it was recalled, fully recalled, by a hasty messenger; and she is now—she must now be safe."

"Yes," said Tressilian, "she *must* be safe, and I *must* be assured of her safety. My own quarrel with you is ended, my lord; but there is another to begin with the seducer of Amy Robsart, who has screened his guilt under the cloak of the infamous Varney."

"The seducer of Amy!" replied Leicester, with a voice like thunder; "say her husband!—her misguided, blinded, most unworthy husband!—She is as surely Countess of Leicester as I am belted Earl. Nor can you, Sir, point out that manner of justice which I will not render her at my own free will. I need scarce say, I fear not your compulsion."

The generous nature of Tressilian was instantly turned from consideration of any thing personal to himself, and centred at once upon Amy's welfare. He had by no means undoubting confidence in the fluctuating resolutions of Leicester, whose mind seemed to him agitated beyond the government of calm reason; neither did he, notwithstanding the assurances he had received, think Amy safe in the hands of his dependents. "My lord," he said, calmly, "I mean you no offence, and am far from seeking a quarrel. But my duty to Sir Hugh

Richard's answer was to carry this matter privately to the Queen, that the Countess's rank may be acknowledged in his person."

"You at all need not, sir," replied the Earl, laughing; "she must have my presence. No woman but Shallow's shall give me that joy a minute. To Flincheth herself will I tell it, and then let Fortune place with the speed of life and death!"

So saying, he untangled his horse from the tree, threw himself into the saddle, and rode as full gallop towards the Castle.

"Take me before you, Master Tremolan," said the lord, seeing Tremolan mount in the same haste—"my tale is not all told you, and I need your protection."

Tremolan complied, and followed the Earl, though at a less furious rate. By the way the boy confessed, with much contrition, that in resentment at Wayland's revealing all his enquiries concerning the lady, after Dekeon conceived he had in various ways merited his confidence, he had purchased from him, in revenge, the letter with which Amy had intrusted him for the Earl of Leicester. His purpose was to have restored it to him that evening, as he reckoned himself sure of meeting with him, in consequence of Wayland's having to perform the part of Arion, in the pageant. He was indeed something alarmed when he saw to whom the letter was addressed; but he argued that, as Leicester did not return to Kenilworth until that evening, it would be again in the possession of the proper messenger, as soon as, in the state of things, it could possibly be delivered. But Wayland came not to the pageant, having been in the interim expelled by Lambourne from the Castle, and he boy, not being able to find him, or to get speech of

Tressilian, and finding himself in possession of a letter addressed to no less a person than the Earl of Leicester, became much afraid of the consequences of his frolic. The caution, and indeed the alarm, which Wayland had expressed respecting Varney and Lambourne, led him to judge, that the letter must be designed for the Earl's own hand, and that he might prejudice the lady by giving it to any of the domestics. He made an attempt or two to obtain an audience of Leicester, but the singularity of his features, and the meanness of his 10 appearance, occasioned his being always repulsed by the insolent menials whom he applied to for that purpose.

At length, the boy thought he was on the point of succeeding, when the Earl came down to the lower part of the hall; but just as he was about to accost him, he was prevented by Tressilian. As sharp in ear as in wit, the boy heard the appointment settled betwixt them, to take place in the Pleasance, and resolved to add a third to the party, in hopes that, either in coming or in returning he might find an opportunity of delivering the letter 20 to Leicester; for strange stories began to flit among the domestics, which alarmed him for the lady's safety. Accident, however, detained Dickon a little behind the Earl, and, as he reached the arcade, he saw them engaged in combat; in consequence of which he hastened to alarm the guard, having little doubt, that what bloodshed took place betwixt them might arise out of his own frolic. Continuing to lurk in the portico, he heard the second appointment, which Leicester, at parting, assigned to Tressilian, and was keeping them in view during the 30 encounter of the Coventry men, when, to his surprise, he recognised Wayland in the crowd, much disguised, indeed, but not sufficiently so to escape the prying glance

of his old comrade. They drew aside out of the way to explain their situation to each other. They continued to Warwick what we have above told, a ardent, in return, informed him, that his deep anxiety the fate of the unfortunate lady had brought him to the neighbourhood of the Castle, upon his late that evening at a village about ten miles distant. Varney and Lambourne, whose violence he did had both left Kenilworth over night.

- 13 While they spoke, they saw Leicester and Tre separate themselves from the crowd, dogged them they mounted their horses, when the boy, whose of first has been before mentioned, though he could possibly keep up with them, yet arrived, as we seen, soon enough to save Trevelian's life. The boy just finished his tale when they reached the Gateway.

CHAPTER XXIII.

- As Trevelian rode along the bridge lately the seen so much riotous sport, he could not but observe 20 men's countenances had singularly changed during space of his brief absence. The mock fight was over but the men, still habited in their masquing suits, sit together in groups, like the inhabitants of a city have been just startled by some strange and alarm news.

When he reached the base-court, appearances were the same—domestics, retainers, and under officers sit together and whispered, bending their eyes towards windows of the great hall, with looks which seemed

Sir Nicholas Blount was the first person of his own particular acquaintance Tressilian saw, who left him no time to make enquiries, but greeted him with, "God help thy heart, Tressilian, thou art fitter for a clown than a courtier—thou canst not attend, as becomes one who follows her Majesty.—Here you are called for, wished for, waited for—no man but you will serve the turn."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Tressilian

"Why, no one knows the matter," replied Blount; "I cannot smell it out myself, though I have a nose like 10 other courtiers. Only, my Lord of Leicester has galloped along the bridge, as if he would have rode over all in his passage, demanded an audience of the Queen, and is closeted even now with her, and Burleigh and Walsingham—and you are called for—but whether the matter be treason or worse, no one knows."

"He speaks true, by Heaven!" said Raleigh, who that instant appeared; "you must immediately to the Queen's presence."

Meanwhile Tressilian traversed the full length of the 20 great hall, in which the astonished courtiers formed various groups, and were whispering mysteriously together, while all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which led from the upper end of the hall into the Queen's withdrawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—Tressilian knocked, and was instantly admitted.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her 30 most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but delayed speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in

which she had been seated, and which was beside with the violence with which she had stricken it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his head on the ground, still and motionless as the effigy in the sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and he laid it on the floor.

"Ho, sir," said the Queen, coming close up to Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the manner of Henry himself; "*you knew of this—you are an accomplice in this deception which practised on us—you have been a main cause doing injustice!*" Tressilian dropped on his knees before the Queen, his good sense showing him the futility of attempting any defence at that moment of it. "Art dumb, sirrah?" she continued; "thou knowest of this affair—dost thou not?"

"Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady is Countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I was Amy Dudley—and well if she have not caused herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what he your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession with the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling—better for thy intercession, thou doubly false and doubly forsworn!—of thy intercession, whose v

to myself!—I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness!"

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou dost not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that is man has poured on me!"

With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.

"Madam," he said, "I am a statesman, but I am also a man—a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness—I pray you to be composed."

"Ah, Burleigh," said Elizabeth, "thou little knowest" 20—here her tears fell over her cheeks in despite of her.

"I do—I do know, my honoured sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!"

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of thought had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, thou art right—thou art right—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—sighted—'Sdeath' to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and far far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the" 30

violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom."

"What weakness, my lord!" said Elizabeth haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favor in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught?"—But here she could no longer sustain a proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mission. She turned from Burleigh, and sternly the hall till her features had recovered their dignity, and her mien its wonted stateliness of motion.

20 "Our Sovereign is her noble self once more," said Burleigh to Walsingham; "mark what she take heed you thwart her not."

She then approached Leicester, and said, "My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, rise and take sword—a quarter of an hour's restraint, in custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, penance for months of falsehood practised by you will now hear the progress of this affair."

30 seated herself in her chair, and said, "You step forward, and say what you know."
Treasilian told his story generously, so much as he could what affected Leicester

nothing of their having twice actually fought together. It is very probable that, in doing so, he did the Earl good service, for had the Queen at that instant found any thing on account of which she might vent her wrath upon him, without laying open sentiments of which she was ashamed, it might have fared hard with him. She paused when Tressilian had finished his tale.

"We will take that Wayland," she said, "into our own service, and place the boy in our Secretary's office for instruction, that he may in future use discretion towards his letters. For you, Tressilian, you did wrong in not communicating the whole truth to us, and your promise not to do so was both imprudent and undutiful. Yet having given your word to this unhappy lady, it was the part of a man and a gentleman to keep it, and on the whole, we esteem you for the character you have sustained in this matter.—My Lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger."

Accordingly, she extorted, by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Anne, the Countess—his first love—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides—Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was reached from him piecemeal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention what he had, by implication or otherwise, assented to Arden's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart, and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out from Cumnor-Place, in person, as soon as he should be

dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these enquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands by grasping the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer tamed to bay, gave intimation that his patience failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment expressed. Yet, madam, let me say, that my guilt it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty.

The Queen was so much struck by this reply Leicester took care should be heard by no one herself, that she was for the moment silenced. Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse me ining myself on your royal mercy for those excuses which were yester-morning accounted but offence."

The Queen fixed her eyes on him while he said, "Now, by Heaven, my lord, thy effrontery bounds of belief, as well as patience! But I thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come

the news.—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber.—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen, "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might so surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—it is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, madam," said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, but spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my lord?" said the Queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more

exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warmed in a certain bosom”——

“For your own sake—for mine, madam,” said the Earl—“while there is yet some reason left in me”——

“Speak aloud, my lord,” said Elizabeth, “and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?”

“Permission,” said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, “to travel to Cumnor-Place.”

10 “To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?”

Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

20 “Why, ay,” said the Queen; “so God ha’ me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady in all honour—lose no time, and God be with you!”

They bowed, and left the presence.

The troop consisted of six persons; for, besides Wayland, they had in company a royal pursuivant and two stout serving-men. All were well armed, and 30 travelled as fast as it was possible with justice to their horses, which had a long journey before them. They endeavoured to procure some tidings as they rode along of Varney and his party, but could hear none, as they had

travelled in the dark. At a small village about twelve miles from Kenilworth, where they gave some refreshment to their horses, a poor clergyman, the curate of the place, came out of a small cottage and entreated any of the company who might know aught of surgery to look in for an instant on a dying man.

The empane Wayland undertook to do his best, and as the curate conducted him to the spot, he learned that the man had been found on the highroad about a mile from the village, by labourers as they were going to their work on the preceding morning, and the curate had given him shelter in his house. He had received a gunshot wound which seemed to be obviously mortal, but whether in a brawl or from robbers they could not learn, as he was in a fever, and spoke nothing connectedly. Wayland entered the dark and lowly apartment, and no sooner had the curate drawn aside the curtain than he knew in the distorted features of the patient the countenance of Michael Lambourne. Under pretence of seeking something which he wanted, Wayland hastily apprized his fellow-travellers of this extraordinary circumstance; and both Tressilian and Raleigh full of glooming apprehensions, hastened to the curate's house to see the dying man.

The wretch was by this time in the agonies of death, from which a much better surgeon than Wayland could not have rescued him, for the bullet had passed clear through his body. He was sensible, however, at least in part, for he knew Tressilian, and made signs that he wished him to stoop over his bed. Tressilian did so, and after some inarticulate murmurs, in which the names of Marney and Lady Leicester were alone distinguishable, Lambourne bade him "make haste, or he would come

too late." It was in vain Trevelian urged the patient for farther information. he seemed to become in some degree delirious, and when he again made a signal to attract Trevelian's attention, it was only for the purpose of desiring him to inform his uncle, Giles Godling of the Black Bear, "that he had died without his shoes at all." A convulsion verified his words a few minutes later, and the travellers derived nothing from having met with him, save the obscure fears concerning the Countess, which his dying words were calculated to convey, and which induced them to urge their journey with the utmost speed, pressing horses in the Queen's name, when those which they rode became unfit for service.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE are now to return to that part of our story we intimated that Varney, possessed of the authority of the Earl of Leicester, and of the Queen's permission to the same effect, hastened to secure himself the discovery of his perfidy, by removing the Countess to Kenilworth Castle. He had proposed to set forth in the morning, but reflecting that the Earl might in the interim, and seek another interview with the Countess, he resolved to prevent, by his departure, all chance of what would probably be his detection and ruin. For this purpose he repaired to Lambourne, and was exceedingly incensed that his trusty attendant was abroad on so early a morning in the neighbouring village, or elsewhere. As was expected, Sir Richard commanded that he should prepare himself for attending him on an

journey, and follow him in case he returned after his departure.

In the meanwhile, Varney used the ministry of a servant called Robin Tider, one to whom the mysteries of Cumnor-Place were already in some degree known, as he had been there more than once in attendance on the Earl. To this man, whose character resembled that of Lambourne, though he was neither quite so prompt nor altogether so profligate, Varney gave command to have three horses saddled, and to prepare a horse litter, and have them in readiness at the postern gate. The natural enough excuse of his lady's insanity, which was now universally believed, accounted for the secrecy with which she was to be removed from the Castle, and he reckoned on the same apology in case the unfortunate lady's resistance or screams should render such necessary. The agency of Anthony Foster was indispensable and that Varney now went to secure.

This person, naturally of a sour unsocial disposition, and somewhat tired, besides, with his journey from Cumnor to Warwickshire, in order to bring the news of the Countess's escape, had early extricated himself from the crowd of wassailers, and betaken himself to his chamber, where he lay asleep, when Varney completely quipped for travelling, and with a dark lantern in his hand, entered his apartment. He paused an instant to listen to what his associate was murmuring in his sleep, and could plainly distinguish the words, "*Ave Maria—pro nobis.*—No—it runs not so—deliver us from evil—Ay, so it goes."

"Praying in his sleep," said Varney, "and confounding his old and new devotions—He must have more need of prayer ere I am done with him—What bo "

holy man—most blessed penitent!—Awake—awake!—
The devil has not discharged you from service yet."

As Varney at the same time shook the sleeper by the arm, it changed the current of his ideas, and he roared out, "Thieves!—thieves! I will die in defence of gold—my hard-won gold, that has cost me so dear. Where is Janet?—Is Janet safe?"

"Safe enough, thou bellowing fool!" said Varr. "art thou not ashamed of thy clamour?—Ay, thou art right—forget not your pistols.—Come now, and let us be away."

"Whither?" said Anthony.

"To my lady's chamber—and, mind—she must go with us. Thou art not a fellow to be startled at shriek!"

"Not if Scripture-reason can be rendered for it, it is written, 'wives, obey your husbands.' But the lord's commands bear us out if we use violence!"

"Tush, man! here is his signet," answered Varr, and, having thus silenced the objections of his acquaintances, they went together to Lord Hunston's apartment, acquainting the sentinel with their purpose, as sanctioned by the Queen and the Earl of Leicester.

Entered the chamber of the unfortunate Countess, the horror of Amy may be conceived, when from a broken slumber, she saw at her bedside the man on earth she most feared and hated. Even a consolation to see that he was not alone, she had so much reason to dread his sudden coming.

"Madam," said Varney, "there is no ceremony. My Lord of Leicester, having considered the exigencies of the time, sends you immediately to accompany us on our return."

presence was so displeasing. Her husband, he added, would be at Cumnor Place within twenty-four hours after they had reached it.

Somewhat comforted by this assurance, upon which, however, she saw little reason to rely, the unhappy Amy made her toilette by the assistance of the lantern, which they left with her when they quitted the apartment.

Weeping, trembling, and praying, the unfortunate lady dressed herself,—with sensations how different from the days in which she was wont to decorate herself with all the pride of conscious beauty! She endeavoured to delay the completing her dress as long as she could, until, terrified by the impatience of Varney, she was obliged to declare herself ready to attend them.

When they were about to move, the Countess eluded Foster with such an appearance of terror at Varney's approach, that the latter protested to her, with a solemn oath, that he had no intention whatever of even coming near her. "If you do but consent to execute your husband's will in quietness, you shall," he said, "but little of me. I will leave you undisturbed in the care of the usher whom your good taste prefers."

"My husband's will!" she exclaimed. "But the will of God, and let that be sufficient to me, will go with Master Foster as unresistingly as I did a literal sacrifice. He is a father at least, will have decency if not humanity. For thee, were it my latest word, thou art an equal to both."

Varney replied only, she was at liberty to choose; she walked some paces before them to show the way, half leaning on Foster, and half carried by him. The Countess was transported from Saintlow's

he could fling. Such are the strange remnants of conscience which remain after she seems totally subdued that this cruel and remorseless man would have felt himself degraded had he pocketed the few pieces belonging to the wretch whom he had thus ruthlessly slain.

The murderer reloaded his pistol, after cleansing the lock and barrel from the appearances of late explosion, and rode calmly after the litter, satisfying himself that he had so adroitly removed a troublesome witness to
10 many of his intrigues, and the bearer of mandates which he had no intention to obey, and which, therefore, he was desirous it should be thought had never reached his hand.

The remainder of the journey was made with a degree of speed, which showed the little care they had for the health of the unhappy Countess. They paused only at places where all was under their command, and where the tale they were prepared to tell of the insane Lady Varney would have obtained ready credit, had she made
20 an attempt to appeal to the . . . of . . .
persons admitted to see her.
of obtaining a hearing
opportunity
terrified
impli
from
used

"She sleeps," said Foster; "I would we were home—her strength is exhausted."

"Rest will restore her," answered Varney. "She shall soon sleep sound and long—we must consider how to lodge her in safety."

"In her own apartments, to be sure," said Foster. "I have sent Janet to her aunt's, with a proper rebuke, and the old women are truth itself—for they hate this lady cordially."

"We will not trust them, however friend Anthony," said Varney; "we must secure her in that stronghold where you keep your gold."

"My gold!" said Anthony, much alarmed. "why what gold have I?—God help me, I have no gold—I would I had."

"Now, marry, hang thee, thou stupid brute—who thinks of, or cares for, thy gold?—If I did could I not find an hundred better ways to come at it?—In one word, thy bedchamber, which thou hast fenced so curiously, must be her place of seclusion—and thou, thou hind, shalt press her pillows of down—I dare to say the Earl will never ask after the rich furniture of these four rooms."

When they had arrived at Cummer Place the Countess asked eagerly for Janet, and showed much alarm when informed that she was no longer to have the attendance of that amiable girl.

"My daughter is dear to me madam," said Foster, gruffly; "and I desire not that she should get the court-tricks of lying and 'scaping—somewhat too much of what had she learned already, an it please your ladyship."

The Countess, much fatigued and greatly terrified by the circumstances of her journey made no answer to

long look down into this sable gulf, and Foster to the part of the manor-house inhabited.

When they arrived in the parlour which mentioned, Varney requested Foster to get it and said, "Yonder trap-door—yonder gathine, will remain secure in appearance, though the supports are withdrawn beneath."

"Ay, marry, will it," said Foster; "so long not trodden on."

"But were the lady to attempt an escape," replied Varney, "her weight would carry it down."

"A mouse's weight would do it," said Foster.

"Why, then, she dies in attempting her escape," what could you or I help it, honest Tony! Let us adjust our project to-morrow."

On the next day, when evening approached, Varney and Foster to the execution of their plan. Varney's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. Varney was so staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatever, until Lord Leicester should come, "which," he added, "I trust in God, will be very soon." Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load that lay on it. "I have warned you,"

KENILWORTH.

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend! Foster.—" There needs nothing more—she is t

"So pass our troubles," said Varney, entering; "I dreamed not I could have mimicked Earl's call so well."

"Oh, if there be judgment in Heaven, thou deserved it," said Foster, "and wilt meet it! hast destroyed her by means of her best affect. It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk!"

10 "Thou art a fanatical ass," replied Varney; "now think how the alarm should be given,—the is to remain where it is."

But their wickedness was to be permitted no longer, even while they were at this consultation, Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon them, having obtained admittance by means of Tider and Foster's servants whom they had secured at the village.

Anthony Foster fled on their entrance; and, knowing each corner and pass of the intricate old house, escape 20 all search. But Varney was taken on the spot; and instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered Countess, while at the same time he defied them to show that he had any share in her death. The despairing grief of Tressilian, on viewing the mangled and yet warm remains of what had lately been so lovely and so beloved, was such, that Raleigh was compelled to have him removed from the place by force, while he himself assumed the direction of 30 what was to be done.

Varney, upon a second examination, made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives: alleging as a reason for his t—

he confessed could only have attached to him by suspicion, yet such suspicion would have been sufficient to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition. "I was not born," he said, "to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast,—nor will I so die, that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd."

From these words it was apprehended he had some design upon himself, and he was carefully deprived of all means by which such could be carried into execution. 10 But like some of the heroes of antiquity, he carried about his person a small quantity of strong poison, prepared probably by the celebrated Demetrius Alasco. Having swallowed this potion over-night, he was found next morning dead in his cell.

The fate of his colleague in wickedness was long unknown. Cumnor-Place was deserted immediately after the murder; for, in the vicinity of what was called the Lady Dudley's Chamber, the domestics pretended to hear groans, and screams, and other supernatural noises. 20 After a certain length of time, Janet, hearing no tidings of her father, became the uncontrolled mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand upon Wayland, now a man of settled character, and holding a place in Elizabeth's household. But it was after they had been both dead for some years, that their eldest son and heir, in making some researches about Cumnor Hall, discovered a secret passage, closed by an iron door, which, opening from behind the bed in the Lady Dudley's Chamber, descended to a sort of cell, in which they found an iron 30 chest containing a quantity of gold, and a human skeleton stretched above it. The fate of Anthony Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this place of

concealment, forgetting the key of the spring lock ; and being barred from escape, by the means he had used for preservation of that gold for which he had sold his salvation, he had there perished miserably. Unquestionably the groans and screams heard by the domestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of this wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and succour.

The news of the Countess's dreadful fate put a sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired
19 from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his remorse. But as Varney in his last declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, the Earl was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to court ; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favourite, and the rest of his career is well known to history. But there was something retributive in his death, if, according to an account very generally received, it took place from his swallowing a draught of poison,
20 which was designed by him for another person.

Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having settled his estate on Tressilian. But neither the prospect of rural independence, nor the promises of favour which Elizabeth held out to induce him to follow the court, could remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured corpse of the early and only object of his affection. At length, having made provision for the maintenance of the old friends and old servants who
30 formed Sir Hugh's family at Lidcote Hall, he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and, young in years but old in grief, died before his day in that foreign land.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1. *hunka*, disappointments. He had failed to get satisfactory answers to his enquiries.

3 ropes. One of his old acquaintances had been hanged.

crossbow shafts, bolts from a bow fixed across a stock. Another of his friends had been caught poaching and shot by the park keeper with a crossbow.

survivant, a royal officer with power to execute warrants for arrest.

7. he. Grammar requires 'him.'

8. Laumer and Ridley, burnt at Oxford for heresy in 1555.

P. 2, l. 3. brook, endure.

8. *Evra*. As before, he managed the estate for the Abbot.

10. *providen*, parson.

14. *quotha* is a colloquial corruption of 'quoth he,' used in repeating for sarcastic comment what some one has said.

17. By the same token. The mention of *Cumner* brings to his mind that he robbed the orchard.

21. hath a right in it, an interest in it.

22. church lands, estates belonging to the Church, which were confiscated by Henry VIII at the Reformation. Many of these lands were given to court favourites.

24. wight, person.

27. is the case, concerned in the matter.

28. cat-and-dog life, life of continual quarrelling.

P. 3, l. 2. that men keep such a roll about, who create such a stir, draw so much attention.

7. yet, know.

10. moved up, confined. The monks were the cages in which hawks were confined when they moulted (plum, molting) or changed their colours. Afterwards the term came to include the neighbouring cages in which hawks were confined.

12. Look you, a phrase giving a familiar tone to the conversation.

14. oriel window, a projecting window enclosing a recess.

P. 6, l. 8. rack (French sec, dry), the dry Spanish wine of which staff was so fond.

9 out of, deficient in.

10. Hollands, linen made in Holland.

angels, old English coins with the Archangel Michael stamped on them.

19 Good, now, my kinsmen, now, my good kinsmen. 'Now' here expresses a mild remonstrance. For 'good' before 'my,' compare p. 7, l. 23.

21. interest, influence.

in lavender, out of the way of doing mischief, like cloth protected against moths by being laid in lavender.

23. town-stocks, a framework in which the limbs of criminals were stretched. Specimens of stocks have been preserved in several old English towns.

25. pinfold. The pound or pinfold was an enclosure in which stray animals were shut up. The stocks were often in or near the pound.

30 shelled pea-cod, or pod of a pea, is an example of something utterly worthless. The fool calls Lear a 'shelled pea-cod,' when he has given away his kingdom.

P. 7, l. 5 trout tuckled. Trout caught by the hand are first tuckled, and then firmly grasped. Lambourne's enterprise resembled his operation in the difficulty and skill required for success. It was a colloquial language a 'tuckish job' that he had undertaken.

41. reason tottered on her throne, he was hardly capable of reasonable thought or action. The throne of reason is the mind.

45. chop logic, engage in argumentative controversy.

47. ravelled, entangled.

48. gallica, braid of silk thread used for trimming.

51. chamberlain, the servant in charge of the rooms.

52. sleep himself sober, make himself sober by sleeping. 'Sleep' is here used as a transitive verb, and 'sober' expresses the result of the action. Compare such sentences as 'Heat me those irons hot.'

53. good mine host. 'Mine' and 'host' were so often used together that they came to be treated as one noun, and so the adjective was put before the possessive. Compare *mistard* in French. For 'mine' instead of 'my,' see p. 5, l. 22.

57. abide by his wager, be firm in holding to his bet.

58. For well, with regard to his health. What follows shows that he was in good health.

P. 8, l. 2. muscadine, muscatel, sweet wine made of the muscat grape. Tea and coffee were not established as breakfast beverages until a long time after the time of Elizabeth.

5. euker, strong broth like beef-tea.

6. toss, healthy state.

25. ingie, friend, comrade.

26. how fares it with you for many a long year, how has it fared, how has fortune treated you? Here, as in Latin and Elizabethan English, the present, instead of the perfect, is used of something that went on in the past up to the present. So Ophelia asks Hamlet, "How fares your honour for this many a day?"

27. gossip, familiar companion. The word was once 'god sib,' related through God as spouses are.

P. 13, l. 2. Voto a Dios is a low Spanish excretion.

28. gallows bird. These terms of abuse mean that Lambourne was such a ruffian that he was sure to be often in prison, and would end by being hanged.

29. countenance, favour.

30. whose neck, etc., who is not in danger of being hanged. As criminals were hanged at Tyburn, a Tyburn tippet is a halter. A tippet is a cape round the top of a coat.

31. Indescribable, not very clear, mysterious.

32. the odds that I do not, the chances against.

P. 14, l. 5. ratsbana, poison for rats.

6. the stage play, *King Lear*, III. iv. 53.

14. backbiters, secret detractors.

17. abide us, wait for us.

20. worthy, often, as here, ironical.

22. dispendation, falling into ruin. Derived from Latin *dis*, apart, and *lapus*, a stone; it meant literally the separation of one stone in building from another.

P. 15, l. 8. yeoman's service, good service, as the English yeoman or small land owner had a high reputation for the good work he did in war and peace.

13. commodities, goods.

14. such officers, such base uses as scouring powder and cleaning boots.

16. mumping, mumbling, presumably for want of teeth.

17. the nineteenthly, the nineteenth division. The successive parts of long Puritan services are often introduced by ordinal adverbs, as 'firstly,' 'secondly,' 'thirdly,' . . . 'lastly.'

20. God-a-mercy, a corruption of 'God have mercy,' is here merely an expression of surprise.

Master Tony Fure the Fagot. By addressing him under this title, he tersely points out the inconsistency between Foster's Puritan sentiments and his conduct in Queen Mary's reign. 'Master' is mock politeness. (See p. 197, l. 18)

21. violent death has a double meaning. It not only expresses the sudden end of the comradeship, but also suggests that it may be due to Lambourne being killed by Foster.

KENTILWORTH.

29. heretical, Protestant as opposed to Roman Ca
30. gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. See Act
is how he describes his condition while he was still a P
32 kept the clothes. See Act, vii. 52.

P 16, l. 1. grithes peace, I pray thee, be silent.
1 devil quote Scripture. In the *Merchant of Venice*
Antonio remarks that "the devil can cite Scripture for!"
21 as round a sum, means "as large" an amount
because large sums are counted in round numbers.
22 stop-pouch, trouser pocket.
31 covetousness bursts the sack, the covetous man often
pours through his covetousness, as when one tries to put
grain into a sack.

P 17, l. 3. fyre-bound, blood bound.
3 gaze-bound, a bound that follows game by sight and
event.
9 long-breathed, long winded, like an animal that runs a lot
without being tired.
14. in couples, together.
15. currah—whelp. Foster keeps up the metaphor started
Lambourne.
20 Sir Knight. Lambourne speaks as if they were two kn
is an old romance conversing together.
21 travers, oppose.
22. prefer, promote.
30 justice-books, records of the law showing that Lambourne h
often been a bold, dexterous, and unscrupulous ruffian.

P. 18, l. 1. Impeachable to shame, shameless.
Milan visor, front part of a helmet made in Milan.
aly was famous for the manufacture of armour. Marmion was
"armed from head to heel
In mail and plate of Milan steel."

seven sleepers, seven young Ephesian Christians, who took
ge in a cave and slept there 230 years.
Papistrie, adherence to the Pope, a contemptuous term for
an Catholicism.
exterior man, dress and appearance.
too irregular to become, so irregular that it would not become,
fit, suit.
trunk-hose, baggy breeches.

19. upon your faith, as opposed to blasphemous oaths or oaths that savoured of Popery, such as Foster himself sometimes utters inadvertently. See p. 12, l. 3.

20. swashing, swaggering.

22. carnal weapon, the material sword as opposed to the 'sword of the spirit.'

26. ruffle it, play the fine gentleman.

P. 19, l. 4. forgetting his Protestantism. See p. 18, l. 19.

22. reverie, train of thought.

P. 20, l. 4. bower in the old ballads commonly means the ladies' apartment, as distinguished from the hall or public reception room; play the masquer, appear in disguise like one who takes part in a masquerade.

14. overcome by his deep feelings so that he could not speak.

P. 21, l. 10. within twelve hours from hence, in less than twelve hours from the present time. 'Hence' is here used in a temporal sense as in 'henceforward.' 'From' is unnecessary, as 'hence' by itself means 'from now.'

23. pigwits, vain shows.

30. contract, engagement to be married.

P. 22, l. 17. sphere, rank, position in society. This use was originally a metaphor from the Ptolemaic doctrine of the spheres.

29. deign, condescend to give.

30. enough. He concludes from her refusal to reply that she is not married.

P. 23, l. 22. out of bounds, beyond the prescribed limit, that is to say, outside the apartments appropriated to Amy's use.

26. costard, the name of a large apple, used humorously for the head.

30. cutter's law regulates the relations between highwaymen and other desperate characters. Another such rule is mentioned in *Woodstock*: "When one tall fellow has come another must not be thirty."

P. 24, l. 5. proper gear, a fine state of affairs. ironical for 'an embarrassing situation.'

12. strait courtesan, he scrupulously polite.

13. cockscomb, fool, because professional fools used to wear on their heads a piece of jagged red cloth like a cock's comb.

19. withal, with, governs 'whom' understood. 'Withal' is used by Shakespeare for 'with' at the end of a clause.

clean, absolutely, entirely.

24. avenue, passage leading to a house.

33. muffled, wrapt up and concealed.

KENILWORTH.

P. 23, l. 20. *methinks*, it seems to me. 'Thinks' and 'thinks' in 'methinks' and 'methoughts' come from an old English meaning 'seem.'

33. He hazarded the receiving one, he ran the risk of receiving. As 'receiving' here governs an object ('one'), it should not follow the definite article. We should say either 'hazarded receiving or' the receiving of one.'

P. 26, l. 22. *fox*, a word.

23. *grows for us*, is impatient for our return.

24. *abject*, base creature.

29. *morning's draught*. See p. 24, l. 18.

31. *shog*, begone.

P. 27, l. 3. *doles*, gold coins valued at 6s. 8d.

(Forney informs Amy that her husband is on his way to Cumnor.)

9. *quadrangle*, buildings in the form of a square.

14. *dissolved*, broken up at the time of the dissolution of monasteries.

21. *not abroad*, became generally known.

23. *ulls*, succession.

P. 28, l. 6. *landing-place*, level floor at the top of a flight of stairs.

ante-chamber, a room in front of (Latin, *ante*) another room.

9. *walnutted*, lined with *bianca* dark foreign wood, mahogany.

20. *sconces*, candlesticks generally attached to walls.

22. *chandelier*, a branched frame to hold a number of lights.

27. *withdrawing-room*, now shortened to 'drawing room,' room to which the company retire after dinner.

29. *Phaeton*, more correctly spelled *Phaethon*, the son of the sun-god, Apollo.

33. *canopy*, curtain overhanging a seat of state.

P. 29, l. 3. *seed-pearl*, small pearls like seeds.

4. *countess*. This is the title given to the wife of an earl.

P. 30, l. 5. *contend with life*, rival living beings.

7. *galleons of Spain*, conveying to Europe precious metals.

Spanish colonies in the New World, were often captured and plundered by English ships.

21. *crisping ... plas* give hair a wavy appearance.

33. *I have more of, I look more like*.

P. 31, l. 3. *tendrils*, shoots by which the vine attaches itself to its

13. pencilled, traced, not by art, but by nature. 'Pencil' in Tudor English meant a paintbrush.

29 I could tell. Varney appears to have treacherously made love to Amy on his own account.

(Varney strongly advises Amy to say nothing to her husband about her meeting with Tremblon, but she scornfully refuses to follow his advice.)

P. 33, l. 13. *inly, inward*. The word is used as an adjective up to the seventeenth century.

17. *russet-brown, reddish-brown*.

33. *spell over, go through the details of*

P. 34, l. 9. *renowned as it was*. Compare the last stanza but one of *Grey's Bard*.

22. *the Diamond George*. The Knights of the Garter wore a gold enamelled medallion of St. George and the Dragon suspended from a blue ribbon. Leicester's jewel was ornamented with diamonds.

33. *lowly*, because Thomas Manners was created Earl of Rutland in 1523. Leicester became an Earl in 1502.

P. 35, l. 5. *fuellies, fire stones, stones from which fire may be struck*.

13. Saint Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. A relic of his was according to the legend landed at the Scottish town afterwards called St. Andrews.

14. *young widow of France, Mary, Queen of Scots, whose first husband, Francis II. of France, had died in 1560*. The last James of Scotland was James V., father of Queen Mary.

26. *indifferently, fairly, moderately*. *litous* for 'very'.

P. 36, l. 4. *metronage, a collective term for 'matrons' like 'baronage' for 'barons'*.

20. *everest, clouded*. A cloudy brow is a sign of a troubled mind.

33. *have so, should be 'have that' i.e. your approbation*. The adverb 'so' cannot be the object of the transitive verb 'have'.

P. 37, l. 13. *congregation of worshippers at a meeting house*.

13. *punctilious sollicitude, anxious observance of minute points of behaviour*.

23. *do so, sometimes contracted into 'dov' (cf. 'doff'), put on*.

27. *flow'ered with silk, embrocaded with silk flowers*.

28. *sables, black fur of a kind of weasel found in the north of Europe*.

P. 38, l. 13. *my father*. The Duke of Northumberland, who formed the audacious plan of making Lady Jane Grey, wife of his fourth son, succeed Edward VI. instead of Mary.

power, who shoes his horse and accompanies him to Ludgate Hall. After a stay of barely four hours he starts with Wayland for London, bearing a warrant from Sir Hugh Robert to act on behalf of his daughter Amy. He finds his patron, the Earl of Sussex, afflicted with a mysterious malady, which Wayland cures. While the Earl is asleep under Wayland's treatment, Madera, the court physician, sent by the Queen to visit the sick noble, is refused admittance by Raleigh.)

23. young follower, Walter Raleigh.

P. 45, l. 19. banner of England, three leopards of gold courant (running) on a red field, not yet united with the red lion rampant of Scotland on a field of gold.

23. halberds, spears with points and cutting blades.

30. sergeant porters, gate-keepers with the rank of non-commissioned officers.

P. 46, l. 1. as much as his post was worth. He might be punished by the loss of his post if he did not exactly obey the commands he had received.

11. Gentleman Pensioners, a bodyguard of gentlemen established by Henry VIII.

15. what is a Sovereign, etc. Courtiers and poets, e.g. Raleigh and Spenser, gratified her vanity by fulsome flattery of her looks, because she was a queen.

16. cavalier. The term etymologically means horseman, but was applied to any soldier who was a gentleman in rank.

28. suited. 'Suit,' usually a transitive verb, is here intransitive in the sense of 'agree.'

P. 48, l. 12. gallant, courtier. The term suggests devotion to the fair sex.

P. 49, l. 7. awning, a cloth overhead for protection against the sun and the rain.

28. legs-men, subject.

32. supply, provides a substitute for.

P. 50, l. 5. If it became me, if I might without impropriety make a choice.

P. 51, l. 18. some such, some kind of excuse.

21. within hearing, near enough to hear.

P. 52, l. 7. comfortable, imparting comfort, as in the Bible, e.g. Zechariah, i. 13.

16. repelled. For euphony the suffix of the second person singular of the preterite is sometimes omitted. So in Shelley's *Sky-lark*:

"Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety."

24. implecability, incapability to be appeased.
our country, Devonshire

KENILWORTH.

21. *Boys' proverbial, local proverb.* 'Lange,' meaning the relation between a formal argument and his remark, could be applied either as here to a style, as in p. 42, l. 201 to a faithful subject.

22. *Heath, a physician.* Owing to the frequency with which physicians pronounced blinding, 'heath' came to mean a blind stocking.

23. *Crates of an empire, usually Greek.* Here the genitive with 'of' is equivalent to a noun in apposition. Compare 'dog of a Jew.'

P. 11, l. 7. *In the multitude, etc.* *Parvula*, st. 14.

14. *In Ireland.* This is an anachronism, as Raleigh did not go to Ireland until 1601.

P. 54, l. 3. *Instincts, immediately by nature, as opposed to learning by study and experience.*

15. *Mithal, measures.*

27. *Master, example, pattern.*

2107. *Scarcely on his deathbed predicted that the pipe, i.e. Leicester, would give the letter of his will.* Leicester had a dark complexion.

P. 51, l. 17. *Presence-chamber, the room in which kings and other great persons receive company.*

21. *stately, here an adverb 'etately.'*

24. *formal, merely ceremonious, as the law did not express real frankness.*

25. *of older creation.* His grandfather had been created Earl of Sussex by Henry VIII in 1525.

27. *reverence, too as a mark of respect*

P. 56, l. 21. *these are no terms, such words should not be spoken before your sovereign.*

P. 57, l. 7. *taste of our Tower fare, euphemism for imprisonment in the Tower of London.*

26. *Konruch, a palace in Surrey built by Henry VIII.*

P. 58, l. 1. *castaway, outcast, abandoned woman.*

16. *would climb the eagle's nest. The metaphor expresses Leicester's high reaching ambition.*

P. 59, l. 12. *trim, put in order. Varney was like a captain threatened by a storm, who does not know from what quarter the wind will blow.*

16. *skilful pilot in extremity, from Dryden's *Shenou and Achilophel*, where Shaftesbury (Achitophel) is called "a daring pilot in extremity."*

27. *contrition, distress due to consciousness of sin.*

love passages. What Varney says is literally true, though it is intended to produce a wrong impression, and is therefore really a lie.

- P. 60, l. 2. sealed his lips, kept him silent
- 26 never yields. See the passage quoted from Shakespeare on p. 76.
- P. 61, l. 10. fair work : ironical for 'disgraceful action.'
- P. 62, l. 12. his own man, master of himself.
32. wrought by Minerva. Minerva was the goddess of weaving. She wove cloth in competition with Arachne, who was changed into a spider.
- P. 63, l. 11. like the thread. Her repetition of the two smiles shows how much she was pleased with them.
25. go to in Shakespearean English was a jesting reproof, much as we sometimes use 'get away.' 'To' = 'on.'
- P. 64, l. 4. summoned himself, collected his faculties so that they might not fail him in the crisis.
11. decided his triumph, made it manifest
13. of this same Varney. Compare p. 52, l. 30.
23. last words. Her first words made him fear that Varney had betrayed his secret.
- P. 65, l. 7. about so him, glorified him with your favour
15. despoiled of your hereditary rank, in 1553, when his father, the Duke of Northumberland, was executed for treason.
- P. 66, l. 15. unstarbed, showing no signs of confusion at having to appear before the Queen.
- P. 67, l. 16. Metemoros is a Spanish word meaning 'Killers of Moors,' applied in the comic drama to men who boasted of imaginary Moors they had killed, bragging braggarts.
- P. 68, l. 31. Paris and Menelaus. As Paris deprived Menelaus of his beloved wife Helen, Elizabeth compares Varney to Paris, Tremblan to Menelaus, and Amy to Helen.
- P. 69, l. 14. compare, equals.
17. anterooms, rooms in front of the principal apartment.
25. golden epistles, from *Macbeth*, l. vii. 33
- P. 70, l. 6. derogation. The Queen would have lowered her dignity if she had by her tone of voice revealed how much she was annoyed.
14. clouds of defamation, calumny obscuring the truth.
21. Esculapius, the god of medicine.
- P. 71, l. 21. stands godfather, comes forward to make this request for him. The godfather at baptism represents the infant, and speaks for him, promising in his name to lead a Christian life.
24. stoned knives.

31. grades royal palace. Greenwich Palace, which, in the reign of William and Mary, became a hospital for aged sailors.

P 72, l 14. stout, valiant.

quarter-staff, a staff held at a quarter of its length from the end.

single fashions, single combats with a short broadsword. It is characteristic of the rough soldier to speak of the author of *Lear* and (*Shelley*) as if his reputation mainly depended on his manual dexterity.

17. halting, lame. Shakespeare in *Sonnet XXXVII* describes himself as "made lame by Fortune's dearest spite," which may be a reference to physical lameness.

21. broke, trespassing in.

23. try you merry, ask your pardon.

31. as if the lines sounded to boot and saddle, as if they were bugles calling on cavalry to mount their horses.

P 73, l 1. What are half a dozen heaves. In *Henry V.* Chorus in Act IV. laments that the actors must much disgrace the name of Agincourt.

"With four or five stout vile and ragged fellows
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous."

2. targets, small shields.

7. bearwards, keepers of bears.

10. bombard, high-sounding language, from a low Latin word meaning cotton, because clothes were stuffed out with cotton.

14. pinky eyes, or pink eyes, are small eyes. Murray quotes a passage referring to "pink eyes as black as jet."

16. venture within his danger, risk getting into his clutches. Here 'danger' means 'power to hurt,' as in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, IV. l 180:

"You stand within his danger, do you not?"

21. policies of war, rules of the art of war. These rules were neglected in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, on which a French general remarked, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

23. crack. Strict grammar requires 'cracks.'

25. nether, lower.

26. slaver, saliva, spittle.

27. Sir Tailbot, the mastiff.

P 74, l 8. bear and ragged staff. See p. 44, l 10.

20. agape, with astonishment.

21. play artificers, playwrights, makers of plays.

31. profane and lewd expressions. In 1605, through Puritan influence, a statute was passed against profane language in plays.

P. 75, l. 4. the godly. Puritan gravity was often ridiculed on the stage.

13 his Chronicles. In the quarto edition *Henry V.* is entitled "the Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth."

16. the generation which may succeed. a very modest prophecy of Shakespeare's posthumous popularity intended to indicate how limited was the appreciation of his greatness in his own time.

24. Philip Sidney (1554-1586), son of the sister of Leicester, who therefore speaks of him familiarly by his Christian name. He took part in the revels at Kenilworth, but Scott makes no mention of his being there.

26 in a mad tale of fairies, namely in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

29 they bear, etc., they daringly refer. The subject was the glory of Elizabeth.

31. tantalize us, provoke us by bringing before our imagination pleasure beyond our reach. Tantalus was punished, according to Greek mythology, by the sight of grapes and water which eluded him when he tried to eat and drink them.

P. 76, l. 20. Oberon, King of the Fairies.

24. vestal. The vestals at Rome were the priestesses of Vesta. As they took vows of celibacy, 'vestal' is here used as an equivalent to 'virgin,' and the term is therefore applicable to Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

29. vot'ress, bound by a vow. Elizabeth is called a votress because she is regarded as bound, like the vestals, by a vow to remain a virgin.

30 fancy, love, as in the song in the *Merchant of Venice* :

"Tell me where is fancy bred."

33. might receive it. She might resent being regarded as a vestal if she were determined to marry Leicester.

P. 77, l. 14. dropt into the Thames. Nevertheless, Elizabeth was very fond of bear-baiting, and in 1531 the Privy Council prohibited the exhibition of plays on Thursdays, because that day of the week had usually been devoted to such pastimes "which are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure."

P. 78, l. 7. the flattery of his own imagination. Perhaps he over-estimated the impression he had made on the heart of Elizabeth.

24. riveted, firmly fixed. A rivet is a small metal bolt used to fasten things together.

33. Lack-Cloak, formed on the analogy of 'Lacklands,' the surname given to King John.

31. yonder royal palace. Greenwich Palace, which, in the reign of William and Mary, became a hospital for aged sailors.

P. 72, l. 18. stout, valiant.

quarter-staff, a staff held at a quarter of its length from the end single falcion, single combat with a short broadsword. It is characteristic of the rough soldier to speak of the author of *Lear* and *Othello* as if his reputation mainly depended on his manual dexterity.

19. halting, lame. Shakespeare in *Sonnet XXXVII* describes himself as "made lame by Fortune's dearest spite," which may be a reference to physical lameness.

21. broke, trespassed in.

23. cry you mercy, ask your pardon.

31. as if the lines sounded to boot and saddle, as if they were bugles calling on cavalry to mount their horses.

P. 73, l. 1. What are half a dozen haueez. In *Henry V.* Chorus in Act IV. laments that the actors must much disgrace the name of Agincourt

"With four or five most vile and ragged foole
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous."

2. targets, small shields.

7. bearwards, keepers of bears.

10. bombast, high-sounding language, from a low Latin word meaning cotton, because clothes were stuffed out with cotton.

14. pinky eyes, or pink eyes, are small eyes. Murray quotes a passage referring to "pink eyes as black as jet."

16. venture within his danger, risk getting into his clutches. Here 'danger' means 'power to hurt,' as in the *Merchant of Venice*, IV. l. 180:

"You stand within his danger, do you not?"

21. policies of war, rules of the art of war. These rules were neglected in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, on which a French general remarked, "C'est incroyable, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

22. crack. Strict grammar requires 'cracks.'

23. nether, lower.

26. slaver, saliva, spittle.

27. Sir Talbot, the mastiff.

P. 74, l. 8. bear and ragged staff. See p. 42 l. 12.

20. agape, with astonishment.

21. play artificers, playwrights, makers of plays.

11 profane and lewd expressions. In 1603, through Puritan influence, a statute was passed against profane language in plays.

P. 74, l. 4. the godly. Puritan gravity was often ridiculed on the stage.

12. *His Chronicles*. In the quarto edition *Henry F.* is entitled "The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth."

13. the prediction which may succeed: a very modest prophecy of Shakespeare's posthumous popularity intended to indicate how *Edward* was the appreciation of his greatness in his own time.

14. *Philip Elton* (1534-1546), son of the sister of Leicester, who *Edward* speaks of him familiarly by his Christian name. He took part in the rebels at *Kendworth*, but *Scott* makes no mention of his being there.

15. is a mad tale of fables, namely in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

16. they bear, etc., they daringly refer. The subject was the glory of *Elizabeth*.

17. *Tantalus* as, provokes us by bringing before our imagination pleasure beyond our reach. *Tantalus* was punished, according to Greek mythology, by the sight of grapes and water which eluded him when he tried to eat and drink them.

P. 74, l. 20. *Oberea*, King of the Fairies.

18. *vestal*. The *vestals* at Rome were the priestesses of *Vesta*. As they took vows of celibacy, 'vestal' is here used as an equivalent to 'virgin,' and the term is therefore applicable to *Elizabeth*, the "Tapa Queen."

19. *retires*, bound by a vow. *Elizabeth* is called a *retress* because she is regarded as bound, like the *vestals*, by a vow to remain a virgin.

20. *fancy*, love, as in the song in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Tell me where is *fancy* bred."

21. might receive it. She might resent being regarded as a *vestal* if she were determined to marry *Leicester*.

P. 77, l. 14. drop into the Thames. Nevertheless, *Elizabeth* was very fond of bear-baiting, and in 1591 the Privy Council prohibited the exhibition of plays on Thursdays, because that day of the week had usually been devoted to such pastimes "which are maintained to her Majesty's pleasure."

P. 78, l. 7. the flattery of his own imagination. Perhaps he overestimated the impression he had made on the heart of *Elizabeth*.

22. riveted, firmly fixed. A rivet is a small metal bolt used to join things together.

23. *Lack-Cloak*, formed on the analogy of 'Lacklands,' the surname given to King John.

P. 79, L. 26. sacrifice to the
poetry, those who wrote verse might
crifice or burning incense to the Muses.

30. Parnassus, a mountain in Greece haunted by the nine Muses.

P. 80, L. 1. exorable to, capable of being moved by the entreaty of.
The negative form 'inexorable' is much more common.

17. with the flight of a lapwing, by a secret circuitous route. The
lapwing, to conceal its nest, does not go straight to it, but, pretend-
ing to be wounded, leads the spectator in another direction. See
Much Ado About Nothing, II. i. 24.

19. her train had taken, her plot had not failed.

25. mental reservation, an exception not expressed in words, but
reserved upon in her mind.

(Varney sends Alasco to Cumnor Hall to administer drugs to Amy
so as to render her incapable of attempting to escape from her confinement
there. Wayland sent to Cumnor going admittance to the Hall disguised
as a pedlar, and provides an antidote to Alasco's drugs. Varney, with
Leicester's permission, goes to Cumnor Hall to persuade Amy to be called
Mrs. Varney at Kenilworth. Amy is highly indignant at the proposal,
and refuses Alasco's potion proffered by Foster. Afterwards she takes
it from the hand of Varney and drinks it, but, owing to Wayland's
antidote, it does her no harm. Then with the assistance of Janet Foster
she leaves Cumnor Hall and starts for Kenilworth escorted by Wayland.
With difficulty they gain admittance to the Castle, and Wayland finds a
room for Amy, where she writes a letter for Wayland to deliver to
Leicester. The room in which Amy has found refuge happens to be
Tressilian's apartment. Tressilian, coming in, promises at her urgent
request not to interfere in her affairs for twenty-four hours.)

P. 81, L. 10. a-broach, pierced with a tap so that the ale may run
out.

20. chase, hunting ground occupied by deer.

23. far heard. (Y. Harmon, II. 2214.)

P. 82, L. 7. round, valley.
salvo, salute.

small arms, muskets.

15. the open and fair avenue led through the chase to the st-
tower defending the entrance to the bridge, twenty feet wide and
seventy feet long, across the lake on the south of the castle. The
bridge was specially constructed that Elizabeth might go into
castle by a new entrance. It was also to serve as a tilt yard, and
tower defending it on the outside was called the Gallery tower
because it was provided with a gallery from which the ladies
watch the tournament.

14. cavaliers, persons of honour.

24. daughter of an hundred kings, descendant of a long li-
king. Tennyson's Lady Clara is the daughter of a hundred

P. 83, l. 7. like a golden image. In *Henry VIII.* the French on the Field of the Cloth of Gold are described as "all chiquant all in gold like heathen gods."

8. Master of the Horse, a high official who had charge of the horse of a sovereign or noble. Leicester was Master of the Horse to Elizabeth, and himself had Verney as his Master of the Horse.

stability, rank.

P. 84, l. 21. worm that dieth not. *Mari.* ix. 44

P. 85, l. 2. Mortimer's Tower commanded the south-east entrance to the castle grounds. It derived its name from Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who lodged there in the reign of Edward I., or from Sir John Mortimer, who was imprisoned there in the reign of Henry V.

10. Tritons, sea-gods, especially a son of Neptune famous for the trumpet notes he blew on his shell.

Nereids, daughters of Nereus, sea-goddesses.

11. the lake was a sheet of water half a mile long and about a hundred yards broad.

herony, a place for breeding herons

14. watchet-coloured, light blue, the natural colour for clothes of the sea. See *Comus*, 29.

17. characters, letters or figures.

Phylacteries, strips of parchment worn by Jews on the forehead. They were so called from a Greek word meaning 'guard,' because the texts from the Bible inscribed on them were supposed to be a protection. See *Matthew*, XXIII. 5.

21. Lady of the Lake, who educated Sir Lancelot du Lac in her home beneath a lake.

P. 84, l. 18. base-court, outer court in front of the castle.

24 chandelier, branched candlestick.

P. 87, l. 2. canopy (from the Greek for 'mosquito curtain') a covering over the head of anyone sitting on a throne.

4 suite (French), set of rooms.

33. spear stocks, what we call knuckerbockers.

P. 88, l. 2. slashed, with slits through which the lining was visible

3. jerkin, waistcoat.

4. seed-pearl, small pearls.

P. 89, l. 15. party, person. The term is commonly applied to an individual in legal language.

12 bestowed, placed.

P. 90, l. 15. impeach, attack, impugn. Here the uninflected verb expresses indignation.

made strongly against him, produced a powerful unfavourable impression.

' Thus I loved my heart, thus I made him
 That sleep upon the bough,
 Thus made me & the happy days,
 When my true Love was born."

and *Conquest* a *Volcanic Furnace* :-

" This is a heavy thing to ask."

71. aesthetically gratified

12. Franklin, a small boatman

P 72, l. 8. *St. George's Court*, the London residence of the Earl of Essex

72. *exultant* *brave*. *Tramian* was in his riding dress and boots instead of being dressed for the occasion like the other courtiers. The Earl of Essex was offended Elizabeth by appearing before her in a attitude of one of *arrogance* on his return from Ireland.

72222, in addition.

31. *exultant* himself, recovered his misfortune.

P 73, l. 11. *Harrington*. Sir John Harrington translated into English *Virgilio's Orlando Furioso* [*Mad Orlando*].

P 74, l. 12. *very*, here an adjective meaning 'actual'

12. *Pinelands*, highly imagination. *Pinelands* was famous for the boundless flights of his imagination on account of which Gray describes him as an eagle sailing with supreme dominion through the clear deep of air.

14. *Parasurus*, the mountain on which the Muses dwell.

Saint Luke's Hospital, an asylum for the mad, but not really finished until a later date.

31. mounted, placed, set

P 83, l. 14. your sword, object of 'give' understood.

21. *damasked*, *damascened*, inlaid with gold or silver.

34. *Harrington*. See note on p. 83, l. 13. Scott gives a translation of the passage in the *Orlando Furioso* (*Orlando in Love*) of Howard, where a fairy is described:

" Piled in a loose cymar of liv' white,

And on her lap a sword of breadth and might,

In a horn brass blade, as in a mirror bright,

Like maid that trims her for a festal night,

The fairy deck'd her hair, and placed her coronet aright."

P. 86, l. 15. *coucher* (French, lie down), going to bed, the opposite of *lever* (rise) whence comes the noun 'levee.'

22. *abate* you, lower your dignity.

P 87, l. 9. *shutting*, jutting out, projecting.

23. prickers, mounted hunters.

30. gesticulation, movements expressing passion.

P. 93, l. 6. refuse, worthless remains of fireworks, such as the stick to which a rocket was attached. Compare 'go up like a rocket and come down like the stick.' The noun 'refuse' is distinguished from the verb by having the accent on the first syllable.

12. my horoscope, the aspect of the heavens bearing on my fortune.

18. Saul among the prophets (1 Samuel, x. 11), an expression of surprise used when one who is regarded as a sceptic speaks or acts like a believer.

23. by my wish, because often, according to the proverb, "the wish is father to the thought." 2 *Henry IV.* v. 93.

25. influence, as an astrological term, means the power that flows from the heavenly bodies and determines human fortunes.

27. combust. Planets are combust (combure, consume with fire) when so near the sun as to be invisible, retrograde when they move from east to west.

32. doff, do off, put off, opposite of 'don,' do on.

33. too burdensome to your knighthood, too much to expect from you now that you are a knight.

P. 99, l. 3. remain an instant. Cf. *Richard III.* I. iv. 73.

8. officiously, dutifully. The word has now acquired a bad sense and implies the rendering of service that is not wanted.

12. Put not thy trust in Princes. *Psalms*, cxxvi. 3.

26. hooded. Hawks remained with their eyes covered on the felon's wrist until it was time for them to be let loose and go after their prey.

P. 100, l. 25. The ruling party in Scotland, the party of the Earl of Morton.

P. 101, l. 8. once more your own, so that you can give it in marriage to whomsoever you please.

23. stark-mad, absolutely mad. Compare 'stark-naked.'

26. estate of freehold, property free of duty.

27. left-handed, sometimes called morganatic, marriages are legitimate, but do not give wife and children the rights secured by a regular marriage. In such marriages the bridegroom gave his left instead of his right hand to the bride.

P. 102, l. 10. Don Philip, Philip King of Spain who married Mary Queen of England.

14. Eleanor and Fair Rosamond are here common terms meaning persons resembling Eleanor and fair Rosamond. Fair Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II., was kept at Godstow, near Oxford, in a bower the approach to which was by an intricate maze. Unfortunately the jealous Queen Eleanor found the clue to the maze, and,

P. 91, l. 3. text band, large documents.

19. Hais, a Scottishism for 'luteal.' Compare Burns:—
"Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough,
Thou mends me o' the happy days,
When my fause Love was true."

and Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*:—
"She's a beauty thou thinks."

23. unthrift, prodigal.

31. franklin, a small landowner

P. 92, l. 4. Say's Court, the London residence of the Earl of Essex instead of being dressed for the occasion like the other courtiers. The Earl of Essex once offended Elizabeth by appearing before her in a similar state of undress on his return from Ireland.

withal, in addition.

39. collected himself, recovered his composure.

P. 93, l. 15. Harrington. Sir John Harrington translated the English Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (*Mad Orlando*).

P. 94, l. 12. very, here an adjective meaning 'actual.'

13. Pindaric, highly imaginative. Pindar was famous for boundless flights of his imagination on account of which G. describes him as an eagle 'soaring with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air.'

14. Parnassus, the mountain on which the Muses dwell.
Saint Luke's Hospital, an asylum for the insane, but not founded until a later date.

31. mounted, placed, set

P. 95, l. 14. your sword, object of 'give' emblematic.

24. damasked, damascened, inlaid with gold or silver.

31. Harrington. See note on p. 93, l. 15. Here gives a vision of the passage in the *Orlando Furioso* (*Orlando in the Enchanted Wood*), where a fairy is described

"Paled in a hazy cymar of his white,
And on her lap a court of breadth and might,
In whose bosom black, as in a mirror bright,
Like mail that trims her for a frosty night,
The fairy deck'd her hair, and placed her crown on it."

P. 96, l. 13. another (French, la deux), going to bed, the
- (lower) where comes the word 'leave'

on state you, leave your & only

P. 97, l. 2. abating, sitting out, projecting

23. prickera, mounted huntersmen.

30. gesticulation, movements expressing passion.

P. 98, l. 6. refuse, worthless remains of fireworks, such as the stick to which a rocket was attached. Compare 'go up like a rocket and come down like the stick.' The noun 'refuse' is distinguished from the verb by having the accent on the first syllable.

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her life.

17. *Mervyn's Bower*. This name is given by the poet without authority, to a tower on the north-west angle of the castle generally called the Strong Tower. He says that a prisoner called Mervyn was murdered there.

P. 103, L. 1. argue herself into, convince herself by argument of.

P. 104, L. 4. tiaras, lofty head-dresses, such as were worn by the ancient Persians, are, perhaps not quite appropriately, described as *shrouding*, i.e. enveloping the towers.

6. the opposing element, water.

P. 105, L. 7. *revells* (French imperative 'awake'), a bugle call to rouse soldiers or hunters at daybreak. The poetical equivalent of such a call will be found in Scott's *Hunting Song*, "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

20. ineffable, so great that it could not be expressed in words.

P. 106, L. 32. the Compter, prison for debtors.

P. 107, L. 4. here it indicates an intention of attacking the person so addressed.

8. iron keys, the symbol of his office as a jailor by which he earned his livelihood. Pieces of iron have been found in the stomachs of ostriches.

20. the easy alternative. She could either show herself or remain concealed, and there was no difficulty in pursuing the latter of the two courses.

P. 108, L. 6. *capotaine* hat, a close-fitting hat like a cap.

20 took, she took. The syntax is irregular. 'Fountain' would naturally be the subject of 'took.'

25. intercessor. The repetition of the word is rather awkward. The jewels were to be used, if necessary, as intercessors to win the favour of a human intercessor who might be moved by them to help her to win the favour of some influential person in the castle.

P. 109, L. 7. which it connected, which lay between the gardens and the castle-yard. This is not in accordance with the generally accepted plan of the castle grounds.

13. *parterre*, a plot of ground ornamented with flower-beds.

26. *sigalletes* (French). siglets, metal pendants attached to a fringe.

27. *Amazons*, a nation of women warriors celebrated in Greek legend.

29 conscious rank, her consciousness of her rank. She did not forget her exalted position as queen.

32. weeds, clothes. The word has now become specialised to mean widows' garments worn in mourning.

Lincoln-green, green cloth made at Lincoln, worn by huntsmen because it made them less distinctly visible in the greenwood.

33. baldric, a belt worn across the shoulders by warriors and huntsmen.

P. 110, l. 8. base-court, the outer court in front of the castle.

10. exhaling, disappearance by evaporation, which would dissipate the scent.

22. ingredient, element or component part in a mixture.

24. with broken accents. She was so deeply moved that her voice failed her.

32. leave you. Leicester expresses his wonder at the order by repeating the Queen's words.

P. 111, l. 3. from hence. As 'hence' means 'from here,' the 'from' is redundant and unnecessary.

13. grotto (Italian), a cave, generally an artificial cave in pleasure grounds.

14. too successful, because she had won Leicester's love.

P. 111, l. 30. which occupied. Such subordination of one relative clause to another should be avoided, as it gives a weak conclusion.

32. Numa, the second king of Rome, consulted the nymph Egna at her fountain about the laws that should be made for his kingdom. See *Childs Harold*, iv. 1027-1071.

P. 112, l. 1. Naisd, water nymph.
inspirations, divine suggestions.

29. so cunningly, with such skill.

P. 113, l. 6. instinctively, involuntarily, without deliberate purpose.

20. reverts his charm, annul his magic. Elizabeth, instead of simply saying 'Are you frightened,' expresses her meaning in the high flown style of the old knightly romances imitated in *Don Quixote*.

P. 114, l. 1. a forgotten task, forgetting what you were instructed to say. See p. 113, l. 12.

3. what she was best to say, what it would be best for her to say in the original form of this idiom the person was put in the dative case.

7. chaos (Greek), confusion.

15. we. Here, as above, Elizabeth as a princess speaks of herself in the plural number. In Elizabethan English 'thou' and 'thee' were used in addressing dear friends, near relations, inferiors, and contemptuously to equals. The polite 'you' could be used in addressing anyone. Scott in *Mansworth* generally observed this distinction.

17. Mervyn's tower, this name is given by Scott, seemingly without authority, to a tower on the north-west angle of the castle generally called the Strong Tower. He says that a prisoner called Mervyn was murdered there.

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25. practised on my life, schemed to put me to death.
29. sift, investigate, examine closely.

P. 113, l. 6. wring, extract, force.
20. the thame like thee, the subject pleases thee. This is the usual meaning of 'like' in Elizabethan English.
28. thou wert better in older English would be 'Thou wert better.'
See note on p. 114, l. 3.
daily, play, trifle.

- P. 116, l. 3. set on, instigated, suborned.
4. takes no keep of, has no interest in,
20. arcade, an arched gallery.

P. 117, l. 4. attenuated, emaciated by sickness and sorrow.
16. chasm, the abyss made in the earth by the thunderbolt.
22. intimated, hinted.
23. augur, conjecture. The Roman augurs foretold the future from the flight of birds.
29. shot, came suddenly.

P. 118, l. 6. call upon the mountains. Cf. *Lute*, xxi. 30.
10. architrave, the part of a building resting on the capitals of the columns and supporting the frieze.
battlement, a parapet with openings to shoot through.
19. surmise, leads one to suspect, indicate. A rare usage of the word.
21. thy father's. See p. 65, l. 15.

24. black. The countenance under stress of emotion may become white or red but hardly black, though we speak of an angry person as looking black.
29. we have ourselves bestowed. Elizabeth gave Kenilworth in 1563 to Robert Lord Dudley and in the following year created him Earl of Leicester.
31. attach him of, arrest him on a charge of.

P. 119, l. 27. privy to, acquainted with something secret.
P. 120, l. 17. saucy, impertinent.
29. open a new scene, alter the situation.

P. 121, l. 10. beshrew me but I may I be cursed if I do not. The oath was however in such common use that it lost its force and only gave a slight emphasis to what followed.
29. ladybirds of daughters. Compare "varlet of an ampie," p. 82, l. 30. 'ladybird,' the name of a small brightly coloured insect, is here used as a term of endearment.

P. 122, l. 29. moping, in a stupor state of melancholy, which is a symptom of madness.

31. rack. In Elizabeth's time prisoners were forced to confess by the rack and other tortures.

P. 123, l. 1. posted, travelled with speed.

20. So lovely. Similarly Lear exclaims with reference to Cordelia, 'So young and so untender!'

24. put it over, elude the danger.

25. the character, the part which the position of affairs requires her to play, i.e. the rôle of Mrs. Varney.

P. 124, l. 5. She shall. Here and in l. 29 'shall' in the third person expresses the speaker's determination.

13. participate is generally an intransitive verb followed by 'in.'

18. Thou art to have. See p. 126, l. 13.

21. buta used as a noun meaning 'objections.'

28. serve obedience. As Varney had not two courses open to him, obedience was strictly speaking not an alternative.

31. which ... in which. See note on p. 111, l. 30.

P. 127, l. 7. votary, devoted worshipper.

dead plach, trying position, difficult predicament.

10. dubevelled, in disorder.

32. keep its ground before, resist, remain unmoved by.

P. 128, l. 3. hera, her beauty.

21. express, distinct, definite.

32. under the personage, taking the name and position.

P. 129, l. 10. one. Varney had had the audacity to make love to her.

21. to which I gave you title, which I conferred on you.

P. 130, l. 7. what she proposes. This is correctly printed from the MS. But as Amy had made no proposal, Scott evidently intended to write 'opposes.'

11. development, conclusion.

15. suspicion, due to his jealousy of Trenholme.

P. 131, l. 2. hypocrisy, the hypocrisy of Varney who pretended devotion to Leicester and nevertheless made love to Amy.

11. had fate allowed. Here the tragedy is heightened by a contrasted glimpse of the happiness that was sacrificed. Whittier well says that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

29. duplicity, deceitfulness.

KENILWORTH.

P. 132, l. 11. those shades, her father's house.
 18. ferriverzation, fickle subtleties.
 24. meshes, network.

31. cannot but be, must be.
 P. 134, l. 3. arbitrary, despotic.

5. Norfolk entered into a conspiracy to marry Mary Queen of Scots and bring a Spanish army into England. For this he was executed in 1572.

block, the headsman's block, a piece of wood on which criminals were beheaded.

22. must hance, must go hence. The verb of motion is understood.
 P. 135, l. 5. are lost. This violates the grammatical rule that two or more singular subjects, joined by 'or,' take the verb in the singular number.

9. tablets used as a note-book. So Hamlet exclaims
 "My tables! Meit it is I set it down
 That one may smile and smile and be a villain."

16. Knollys, Sir Francis Knollys, an Elizabethan statesman who, like his friend Leicester, favoured the Puritans.
 17. Kersay, Sir Edward, was captain of the Isle of Wight from 1565 to his death in 1578.

18. Huntington, Henry Hastings Earl of Huntington married Catherine, Leicester's sister.

Pembroke, Henry Herbert Earl of Pembroke, President of Wales from 1586 to his death. His wife was Sidney's sister and Leicester's niece.

19. Bedford, Francis Russell Earl of Bedford, like the other possible supporters mentioned by Leicester, was a strong protestant.

21. My brother of Warwick, Ambrose Dudley, Leicester's elder brother, son-in-law of the Earl of Bedford.

23. Sir Owen Hopton was at this time Lieutenant of the Tower.

26. had they thus forecast, if they had thought out their plans beforehand.

P. 136, l. 1. alas, an ejaculation or exclamation intended to invite a demand for explanation.

5. spirit of chivalry supposed to be inspired by his recently acquired knighthood.

18. let her call back, if she takes them away again, your power will decay as quickly as Jonah's gourd. See Jonah, iv. 6, 10.

20. declares against, if you profess hostility to. The imperative is often used to express a condition.

26. sentenced, condemned.

27. Norfolk. See p. 134, l. 5.

29. made head, rebelled.

P. 137, l. 10. in Ireland. Leicester does not appear to have been ever in Ireland.

11. Keep, the strongest part of the castle

16. Penonera. See on p. 46, l. 11. Now called gentlemen-at-arms.

Yeomen of the Guard, otherwise called beef-eaters, were established as a body-guard by Henry VIII and still wear the Tudor uniform.

31. oblivion, forgetfulness.

P. 138, l. 16. It is—. The dash indicates a pause as if Varney shrank from completing his sentence

22. tempering and trickstering, underhand intercourse.

P. 139, l. 8. been in connivance, had a secret understanding

16. porters-gate, back gate.

P. 140, l. 12. the wagon. See p. 6.

27. tell it. Varney had strongly urged her not to tell Leicester anything about the meeting.

P. 141, l. 3. rub, objection to the view that the meeting was harmless. A rub in bowls is a roughness in the ground which effects the course of the bowl.

5. an inn, the Black Bear.

6. emissary, an agent sent on a secret mission, namely Wayland

16. I dare not say, etc. Bacon in his essay on Cunning remarks that "the breaking off in the midst of that one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him with whom you confer to know more."

22. paramour, mistress.

P. 142, l. 12. fellow, neighbour, the corresponding glove for the other hand.

22. passages, transactions. Compare 'love passages,' p. 60, l. 10.

23. trinkets, intrigues, plots secretly.

P. 143, l. 14. so young, etc. Compare *Levy*, l. i 105, "So young and so untender." Like so many other tragedies, *Kenilworth* illustrates Tennyson's lines:

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many of us at this very hour
Do forge a life long trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false or false for true."

15. thee... you. Notice the irregular change of number in the pronoun in the same sentence.

P. 144, l. 21. yet wherefore, etc. Varney hypocritically suggests an argument in favour of Amy's innocence which however he immediately confutes.

33. had been, etc., would have been an *acceptandus* *dux* or *fortuna*.
- P. 145, l. 26. entirely different, because Leicester could not help revealing in his face and in his bearing his mental agony.
- P. 146, l. 9. automaton, an image moved by machinery.
15. both the one and the other, both what he was to say and how it was to be said.
- P. 147, l. 6. *deigned*, condescended.
10. construction, explanation, interpretation.
- P. 148, l. 5. queries, questions.
- L. 13. cared for, despatched, killed. For the euphemism compare *Macbeth*, l. v. 68, "He that's coming must be provided for."
16. so inconsiderable a man, a man so much beneath your notice.
- P. 149, l. 4. foam, indicating frenzy.
12. struck at the change, etc., impressed by the transformation his countenance had undergone.
32. impenetrability, insensibility, callousness, ascendancy, superiority.
- P. 150, l. 12. cozened, cheated.
17. fiat (Latin), let it be done, solemn command.
15. atone for, make amends for.
18. coloured it well, put everything in a plausible light.
23. impenetrable, difficult to see through, baffling.
25. signet-ring, ring with a seal.
33. What thou dost, do quickly. See *John*, III. 27.
- P. 152, l. 2. presence-hall or presence chamber, the room in which guests were received. See plan.
16. personage, part, character.
31. culminated, reached its highest point. The astrological metaphor means that Dudley's predominance at the English court had never been greater.
- P. 153, l. 5. jarred upon that nerve, produced discord in his heart where it could not be disturbed without excessive pain.
7. great hall, the largest apartment in the castle was 90 feet long and 45 feet broad.
27. Michael Angelo (1475-1564), perhaps the greatest of Italian painters and sculptors.
- Chantrey (1781-1841), a great English sculptor famous for his "Sleeping Children" in Lichfield Cathedral and statues and busts of Scott and other famous men.

P. 154, l. 15. once more to, etc., we must turn again to the consideration of this kill-joy.

28. hallucinations, delusions.

29. away with her, take her away.

30. She will think. Irony; what Elizabeth regarded as an absurd delusion that she might possibly cherish, was actually true.

P. 155, l. 5. Juno-like. To Juno as the queen of heaven was naturally attributed a stately species of beauty. See *Aeneid*, I. 45.

10. love best, etc. So elsewhere Scott speaks of the

"stern joy that warmers feel

In inemen worthy of their steel."

11. give. Compare p. 136, l. 20.

12. he would have wished her dead. Here again we have irony, for Elizabeth's supposition, though she does not know it, is exactly confirmed by Leicester's conduct.

17. falsehood of his reply to Elizabeth.

23. flourish, fanfare, a strain of music on the trumpet to herald the approach of anyone.

kettle-drums, drums made of metal vessels covered with parchment.

P. 156, l. 18. quadrilles, troops, companies.

P. 157, l. 5. It did require, it was necessary.

25. visard, mask, a covering of cloth or other material to conceal the face.

26. masks here by metonymy means 'persons wearing masks.' Compare 'blue jacket' for 'sailor.'

P. 158, l. 20. topic, subject.

P. 159, l. 27. distemperature, discomposure, agitation.

28. equal, all the same to me, I do not care where we have our meeting.

P. 160, l. 13. obsequious expresses mean subservience and humble behaviour carried to excess.

24. by shifting of tirochers, as a waster by bringing and taking away plates.

33. so, provided that.

P. 161, l. 9. among our train, by marrying one of the ladies in our suite.

21. instability to the sun. The sun has not phases like the moon and Venus, but in its apparent motion revolves round the earth like the other heavenly bodies. According to modern astronomy it is only one of many fixed stars.

32. a circumstance is in apposition to the preceding sentence.

KENILWORTH.

P 157, l 20 *inexpressible, unrepresenting*
 11 If I fear, etc., he has too power in the state, & by marrying
 P. 157, l 21

P 157, l 22 *we* In his pride he employs the plural of the pronoun
 generally confined to the first person he kings and nobles.
 12 *valley* *bestowed*, placed in safety

13 *that with which they* In case his letter should fall into other
 hands, he expresses himself in language that will only be intelligible
 to Verney

21 *Escherry*, a servant in charge of horses

22 *conscience*, *impudence* shown in the rudeness of his reply and
 his constant use of *vous* in addressing a noble lord

P 161, l 4 *as eleven-ells, in such a clumsy manner*
 21 *more assid* against than arising from *Love*, III. ll. 61

P 161, l 11 *superb prospects, episcopal grounds*

12 *freestone*, sometimes so called because it can be freely cut in
 any direction

13 *shot*, in their winding shoots. Compare "*shot* dead"
 in *Hamlet* I. l. 111.

24 *lovely beauty*, a beautiful young woman. By metonymy
 the abstract is used for the concrete
 of summer night. The nightingale is by etymology the night
 singer

21 *now joyous, now pathetic*. Some think the nightingale's song
 joyous, others think it sad. Keats refers to the nightingale as "*happy*
 lot," while Milton calls the bird "*most melancholy*."

P. 167, l 1. *far different*. Compare the second stanza of Byron's
Paradise, published in 1816.

12 *as passing, while he passed*. This uncommon use of "*as*" in
 a temporal sense with a present participle is found in several passages
 of Scott, e.g. *Marmion*, II. xxxiii. 9.

13. *which way, etc.*, the drift of his base scheming.

P. 163, l 3 *partisan*, political follower.

11 *other occupations*. Leicester is speaking with bitter irony
 of what he really considers base pursuits. He is ironical again when
 he professes to regard Tremulous as "*an important and worthy*
 subject of conversation."

P. 169, l 11. *my respect, etc.*, I have so little respect, i.e. so much
 contempt for him that I cannot speak of him in milder terms.

19. *at her own free disposal*. She must be allowed complete freedom
 of action.

petrified, turned to stone.

P. 170, l. 7. *ugly*, be thrilled. See *Jeremiah*, xiv. 3.

frontless, without shame.

9. but yet— The dash indicates that the sentence is left unfinished.

28. *rencontre* (French), meeting.

33. antagonist, opponent.

P. 171, l. 2. *jackanape*, impudent boy compared contemptuously to an ape. The word is generally spelled 'jackanapes,' being perhaps originally 'jack o' apes,' a keeper of apes. 'Jack' is used contemptuously for a man as in 'Jack of all trades.'

titting, fencing. The word is generally used of fighting with lances on horseback.

P. 172, l. 13. *Hocktide*, a word of uncertain etymology, was a holiday celebrated on the second Monday and Tuesday after Easter Sunday. Ethelred ordered the massacre of the Danes in 1002 and not 1012.

16. preconceived idea, notion formed beforehand.

17. whose ... whose. See note on p. 126, l. 31, and p. 207, l. 23.

22. *political wish*, wish based on political expediency. Elizabeth thought that her interest in sports would make her a popular sovereign.

P. 173, l. 2. *those persons*, such as the historical plays of Shakespeare. See p. 73. The contrast, however, is not distinct, as the Coventry play was also based on a historical incident, although treated in a burlesque manner with captains mounted on hobby-horses.

12. *light of her countenance*: a Biblical expression. See *Proverbs* xvi. 13.

17. according to appointment, as had been arranged.

31. sequestered, secluded.

P. 174, l. 9. *derogation*, dishonour.

P. 176, l. 8. *then* is unusual in addressing a superior. It may here be regarded as expressing supreme contempt or rather an elevation of language naturally employed in speaking of imminent death.

P. 177, l. 2. *goblin-like*, weird, supernatural.

1. secured, fastened.

24. *Dickon*, nicknamed Flibbertigibbet, the boy who had shown *Triltsch* the way to *Wayland's smithy*.

P. 179, l. 6. *asylum*, place of refuge.

21. I have been made to believe. See note on p. 143, l. 16.

P. 179, l. 20. *belted earl*. As the ceremony of their investiture *Earls*, like knights, were girt with a sword of honour.

P. 180, l. 32. *interim*, meantime.

P. 141, l. 13 *gaulis*, a contemptuous term for *herbs*.

P. 141, l. 7 *serve* the *lord*, answer the purpose, content.
Mary Wroe, p. 1104.

P. 142, l. 4 *offices* (*Latin*), image. The usual English
'*office*'.

4 *baize* (French), staff of office.

7 the Earl's sword. The scene shows that Leicester
and the Earl Marshal, although he was last mentioned,
but I will never misinterpret that he was under constraint as a p

11 Henry himself, his father (Henry VIII).

22 Dame Amy Dudley became her husband will be put
the loss of her earthen and perhaps even by being exact
traitor.

P. 143, l. 14 *arid window*, a window projecting so as to
small apartment.

23 'Death, a corruption of 'God's death.'

P. 144, l. 1. a sad conviction, a firm belief that will in
out, because any Englishman would be distressed to think
great Queen was not free from the frailty of ordinary human
d. from sight. The question is left undecided.

13 mortification, humiliation.

24 discharge you, relieve you of the custody of your prison.

P. 145, l. 23 *piecemeal*, bit by bit.

P. 145, l. 4 *gall and wormwood*, extremely bitter. Gall
and wormwood is a bitter plant.

14 turns to lay, turns and leaves the laying, i.e. barking her
31. effrontery, impudence.

P. 153, l. 3 *patriarchal*. Several of the Patriarchs had
than one wife, e.g. Lamech (*Gen. iv. 19*).

4 left hand. See p. 101, l. 7.

P. 190, l. 2. a certain bosom, the man in Aesop's fable who was
a frozen snake in his bosom and was stung to death when it re

6 thaws our ruff, takes the stiffness out of my ruff. The
that the starch would be softened by Leicester's breath. This
was the large frilled collar that was worn in Tudor times.

14. who hath been sworn of our chamber, who has taken his
as a member of our Privy Council.

17. in commission with, united with you in this office.

29. stout, strong and bold.

P. 191, l. 21. apprized, informed.

P. 192, l. 6. without his shoes, in his bed.

7. verified, confirmed.

22. interim, interval of time, namely the interval between the granting of the permission and starting from Kenilworth

P. 193, l. 3. ministry, service.

19. horse-litter, a bed, like a hammock, carried by two horses.

16. such, excuse or apology.

23. dark lantern, lantern with light concealed.

25. Ave, etc., hail Mary—Pray for us. This is a prayer to the Virgin Mary, a relic of earlier days when he was a Roman Catholic. "Deliver us from evil" from the English version of the Lord's Prayer was more suitable for him now that he was a Protestant and a Puritan.

31. more need of prayer because Varney is going to make him take part in murder.

P. 194, l. 7. Is Janet safe? Like Shylock, Foster is not without family affection. See *Merchant of Venice*, II. viii. 15

17. "Wives obey your husbands" Not an exact quotation. See *Ephesians*, v. 22.

P. 195, l. 4. the warrant, that which gives you the authority, the right-ring.

12. put me to it, make it necessary for me to resort to force.

P. 196, l. 6. made her toilette, dressed herself

P. 197, l. 27. thy idleness and detached folly, you, idle and disolute fool, will soon be hanged. Abstract for concrete as in p. 186, l. 26.

30. obprobrium, abuse.

P. 198, l. 3. wore spurs. Knights were distinguished by the gilded spurs they were privileged to wear. Therefore Eustace in *Norman*, VI. xiv. 9, seeing no prospect of winning knighthood, exclaims, "No hope of gilded spurs to-day."

9. tamper with, try to corrupt Lambourne, influence him to do evil.

14. ignorant here takes as an object the noun clause that follows.

13. the litter-load, the contents of the litter. Criminals often shrink from bluntly naming their acts and victims. Lady Macbeth, instead of naming Duncan, speaks of him as "he that's coming." *Macbeth*, I. v. 67.

17. so forth, whatever other titles you may bear

29. presumptively, without fail.

32. You were as wise, it would be wisdom on your part

P. 199, l. 17. Michael ask me, do not address me as Michael. Compare "uncle me no uncles" *Richard II.* II. iii. 85.

20. my indenture is out, the time specified in my indenture is expired and I am no longer an apprentice. The indenture was a document containing the time of service and other conditions of the apprenticeship.

set up for myself, start business on my own account.

22. quitance, discharge. Varney keeps up the metaphor started by Lambourne.

P. 200, l. 21. implied condition. See p. 196, l. 20.

24. relays, supplies of fresh horses.

P. 201, l. 4. sleep sound and long, i.e. the sleep of death.

8. truth itself, absolutely trusty

16. marry in oaths is a corruption of Mary.

21. hind, peasant.

22. will never ask after the rich furniture. Varney knows that after Amy's death Leicester will shrink with horror from everything that reminds him of the tragedy.

30. 'escaping, running away.

31. an, if, is a different spelling of 'and.' This clause, like 'under favour' in Foster's next speech, is apologetic and under the circumstances rather ironical.

P. 202, l. 4. gewgaw, gaudy, expresses a Puritan's contempt for the showy ornamentation of the rooms that had been decorated for Amy.

14. what Foster shall I be, what epithet will you apply to my name. He expects that on the morrow Amy will perhaps call him 'villainous Foster.'

18. you shall be, I will speak of you as

P. 203, l. 2. homely in its accommodations, plainly furnished.

13. winking to signify that he was communicating something mysterious.

17. drawbridge. This gallery differed from a drawbridge inasmuch as it cut off communication by being let down, whereas a drawbridge does so by being drawn up. In this respect it rather resembled a trapdoor.

19. the landing-place, the level place at the top of the stair-case.

21. wrought, worked, set in motion.

P. 204, l. 6. gimcrack, a term applied to a trivial mechanical device.

9. 'marry. See note on p. 201, l. 16.

15. what is here used adverbially in the sense of 'how.' honest, here merely expresses familiarity.

19. feigned, in order to get them out of the way lest they should interfere with the projected murder or afterwards give evidence against the murderers.

22. in vain, etc. See *Proverbs*, i. 17.

P. 205, l. 3. the falling trap, the part of the floor of the gallery which was lowered by the machinery when communication between the top of the stair and the bed-room had to be cut off

4. slight adhesion, the friction between the edge of the trapdoor and the stationary portion of the gallery.

25. thy reward, Cumnot Place which he hoped to get as a freehold property.

P. 208, l. 1. incarnate, embodied in flesh.

9. scolding of the kid. See *Exodus*, xxi. 12.

P. 207, l. 7. make a holiday. Attending an execution was a favourite amusement in England even as late as the 18th century. when Dr. Johnson went with a company to see a man hanged. For the phrase see *Childe Harold* IV. cxi. where the dying gladiator is "Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday"

11. heroes of antiquity, e.g. Hannibal

12. which ... which. The relative clause dependent on another relative clause makes a ship-shod sentence.

P. 208, l. 1. spring-lock, a lock closing automatically by means of a spring.

9. period, end.

20. another person. See author's introduction.

21. Virginia expedition. Raleigh's first expedition to Virginia was in 1584.

QUESTIONS ON KENILWORTH

- What light does *Kenilworth* throw on Scott's tastes and sentiments ?
- Estimate the amount of historical knowledge that may be derived from the novel.
- Compare *Kenilworth* with any of Shakespeare's great tragedies.
- What redeeming traits may be found in the characters of Leicester, Lambourne and Foster ?
- Draw a contrast between Leicester and Sumner.
- Why do critics regard Blount and Raleigh as supernumeraries ?
- On what occasions and by what means could the tragic catastrophe of *Kenilworth* have been averted ?
- Describe Kenilworth Castle and Cumnor Place.
- Give an account of the revels at Kenilworth.
- Show how Varney induced Leicester to do as he wished.
- Scott is said to be especially successful in his portraiture of kings and queens. Illustrate this from his treatment of Elizabeth's character.
- What are the principal transgressions of historical fact in *Kenilworth* and why are they committed ?
- Make a plan of Kenilworth Castle and a map showing the relative positions of London, Cumnor, Oxford and Ladcote Hall and the distance between those places.
- What references are there to religious and political dissensions in *Kenilworth* ?
- Can it be truly said that the Age of Chivalry was gone in the reign of Elizabeth ?
- Why does Tennyson describe the times of Elizabeth as spacious ?
- Give an account of Amy Robsart's visit to Kenilworth.
- How do the conversations in *Kenilworth* differ from the conversational language of to-day ?
- How was it that Lambourne and Trevelian visited Cumnor Place ?
- What reception did they get from Foster ?
- What motives determined the conduct of Leicester and Varney on various occasions ?

How did Raleigh win the favour of the Queen ?

Describe the favourite amusements of the court and people in Tudor times.

How does Scott introduce into *Kenilworth* references to men of letters and their works ?

How does *Kenilworth* illustrate the fact that

" We worldly men
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes " ?





